OUR POINT OF NO RETURN

February 24, 1955 25¢

The Message of Washington (page 31)

THE REPORTER

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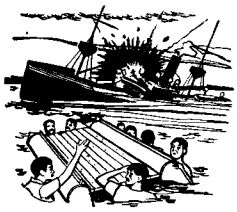
"¡Valiente!" cried the Spanish admiral

He cheered as his launch fished this man and seven more waterlogged American sailors out of Santiago Harbor, Cuba, on the morning of June 4, 1898. This was straining Spanish chivalry to the breaking point, for Richmond Hobson (right) and his little suicide crew had spent the previous night taking a ship into the harbor entrance under a hail of cannonade and deliberately sinking her to bottle up the Spanish fleet.



Hobson, who planned and supervised every detail of the operation, from placing the scuttling charges to dropping anchor under fire, was actually an engineer, not a line officer.

In Santiago Harbor, he led his first and only action against the enemy. But his cool-headed daring made him as much a hero of the day as Admiral Dewey. And proved again that America's most valuable product is Americans.

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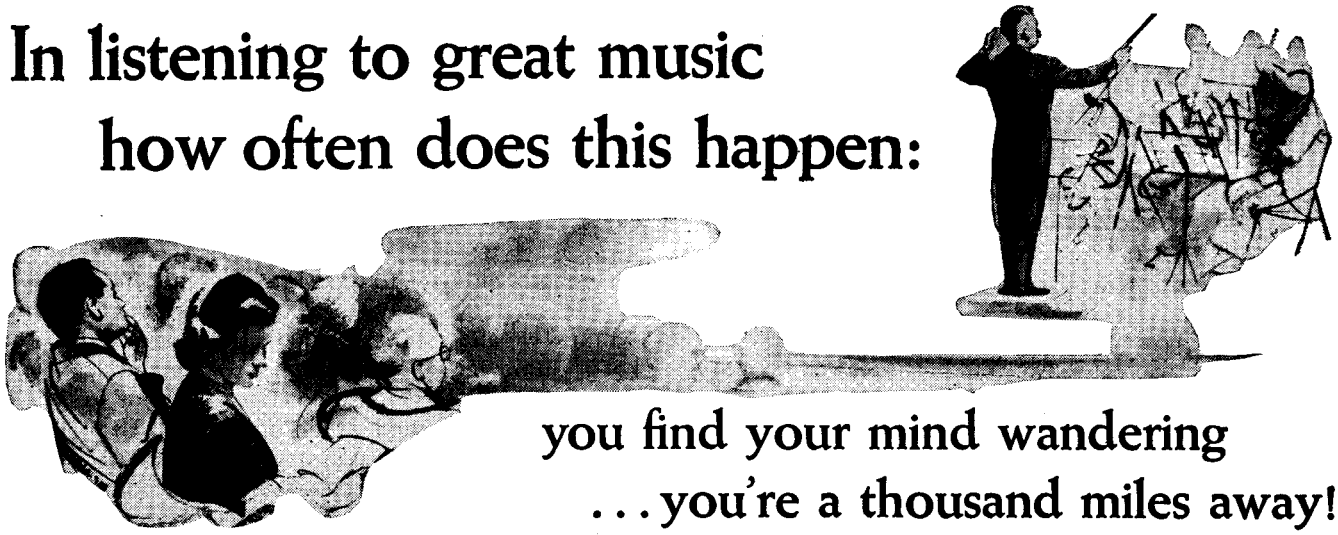

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Law of the Jungle

When the news that Malenkov had resigned reached us, we couldn't think of anything else to do but scurry around for experts on Soviet affairs. So did everybody else in our trade. Really, it's a dog's trade.

We don't feel like gloating over what happened to *Newsweek*, for instance. Just the evening before Malenkov's fall, we had read *Newsweek's* Special Report with the title "On Top in the Kremlin It's Malenkov, but Policy Shifts Back to Stalinism." "... the best-informed experts on Russia believe that Malenkov still is the No. 1 man in the Kremlin," we were informed. *Newsweek's* private Russian expert added his own emphatic bit: "Westerners are entirely too much impressed by the publicity that Khrushchev has been getting." We feel only sympathy for *Newsweek*, think of ourselves, and touch wood.

The few experts we could get hold of that day reassured us somewhat, for they all agreed on at least one point: They knew the thing was coming. Experts are a wonderful breed. When something happens in their field, they are never taken by surprise, and each goes right on talking the same old way. This applies also to the collectors of experts' opinions. Stewart Alsop, for instance, in his first comment on the Kremlin shake-up, concludes that "Soviet policy is henceforth to be based on . . . [new] assumptions." What kind of assumptions? "Grim."

After our own round-up of experts, we decided that the next thing to do was take a look at our files and do some thinking. What started us off was Malenkov's confession of dismal failure in the development of agriculture. A quick look at our old clippings proved that our hunch was right: The man who for years had been responsible for the development of agriculture was nobody else but Khrushchev.

That reminded us of things we had read in a number of books on Soviet history: for instance that Stalin for a long time had been bent on ruining Trotsky, because Trotsky had vehemently advocated the collectivization of agriculture and the first project for a Five-Year Plan. The result, as we have learned from our contributor Isaac Deutscher, who in spite of being an expert on Soviet affairs is also a most scrupulous historian, was that Trotsky was punished for having originated the ideas that Stalin stole from him. Stalin also finally accepted Trotsky's views on the permanent world revolution. In fact, Stalin nearly always lost out in his political conflicts with Trotsky. *Therefore* Stalin triumphed and Trotsky was ruined.

That *therefore* makes us think that the game of politics in a Communist country proceeds according to rules of its own that have nothing to do with the game of politics in a democracy. In a country like ours, the fortunes of a politician are tied to the positions he takes on public issues. If these positions turn out to be unpopular or unsuccessful, the politician may try to wiggle out, but his opponents seldom let him get away with it. They remember. In a democracy, memory is not outlawed.

In a Communist country, on the contrary, there is no relationship between the policies a leader advocates and his success or failure. The rules of the political game over there must be rather close to the laws of the jungle, and victory always goes to the one who, theory or no theory, proves most ruthless.

Those who are really to be pitied are the people under Communism.

Squatter's Armies

When the Senate on February 9 approved the Mutual Defense Treaty with Nationalist China, it also

STAG DINNERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Do you think, dear Ike, for a change
You could invite somebody strange?
Somebody who's not head of a corporation
Or chairman of any board in the nation?
Somebody, say, who's written an ode,
Or has no fixed abode?
Don't you think maybe you ought to see
Somebody outside the business community?
A failure, say, or a juggler or even a mystic,
Or someone wholly humane but atheistic?
Maybe you think, dear President,
That the people you ask to your dinners represent
A cross section of our opinion, but truly, Ike,
They are only the people who like
The way things are; and most of them
Belong to the N.A.M.
They won't be able to tell you what will come
Any better than poet or bum,
Who, having nothing to lose,
Can at least amuse.

—SEC

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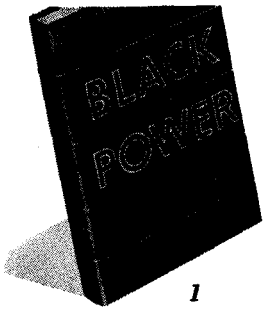

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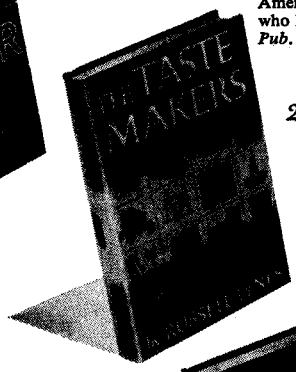

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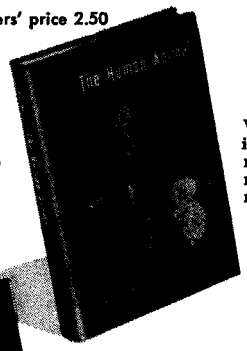

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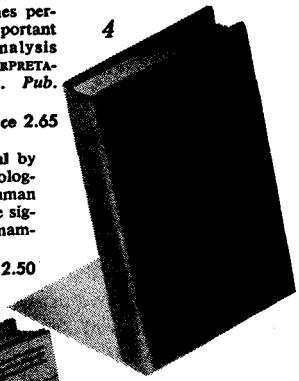

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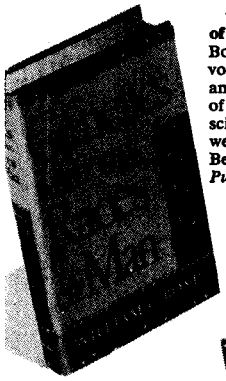

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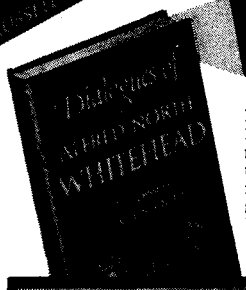

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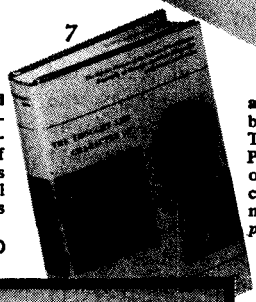

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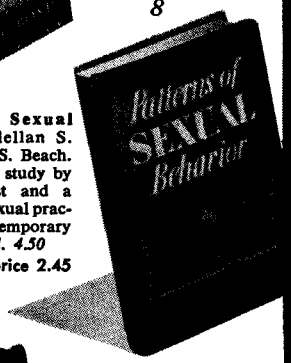

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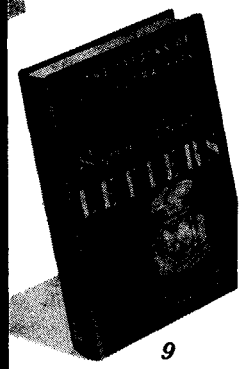

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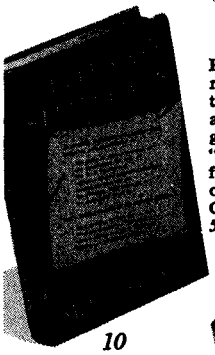

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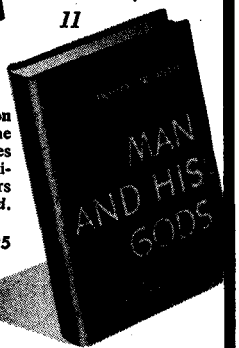

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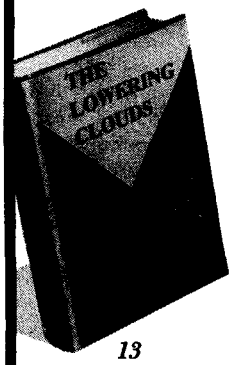

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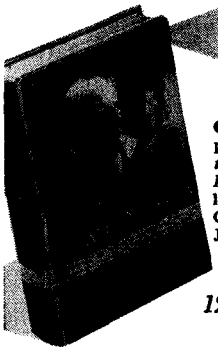

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MULTIPLE MATUSOWS

ERIC SEVAREID

THE Federal grand jury in New York now opens its inquiry into the weird case of the "double witness," Harvey Matusow, and the Justice Department has dispatched one of its top officials to help out in the interests not only of justice but of the Justice Department; for the astonishing Mr. Matusow, who doesn't seem to care what he says about anybody, himself included, has the Justice Department, as the Washington *Star* put it, "over a barrel." And the Department is accompanied in that undignified position by those various Congressional investigators who have used Matusow over the years.

Matusow, as you probably know, is the ex-Communist—at least it's assumed the prefix is accurate—who turned "expert witness," so called, and put the finger on scores of Americans as Reds, pro-Reds, or fellow travelers in hearings and court trials and who now calmly states that his testimony was malarkey in big part, given out for personal publicity and, apparently, a general love of fun and games.

How many respectable citizens he hay have injured over the last three years is anybody's guess; maybe quite a few, if you believe he's now telling the truth. The trouble is nobody can be *sure* he's now telling the truth; the only thing you can be sure of is that here is a real mixed-up kid, which means that his previous testimony as well as his present testimony is thrown into doubt as dark as the most neurotic recesses of the Communist mind. So he is being investigated by the Justice Department, as he should be; the only drawback is that this almost amounts to the Justice Department investigating itself. The happiest result for the Department, as for the various committees that used the man, would be to prove that he was telling the truth before but is lying now.

Matusow, one would think, has got to be punished somehow; but if he is convicted of perjury, it won't help the Department or the committees whether it's for previous perjuries or present perjuries. Either way, the country is told that officials whose sworn duty it is to find the guilty and protect the innocent have for years been exposing or convicting people with the aid of a plain liar. Either way, officialdom has got to explain to the country how it could be so thorough in exposing the lives and characters of so many defendants and so careless in accepting at face value the character of its own "expert" witness.

It will not be enough to establish that the Matusow testimony was merely incidental in all the cases involved, that the results would have been the same without his words. That in itself may be very hard to establish—who can say *what* bits of testimony are the straws that tip a balance in the mind of a juror or a committeeman? Various officials, political and juridical, will still stand convicted in the public mind of the grossest carelessness in the most delicate kind of cases, involving the personal honor of individuals.

THE Justice Department is over a barrel for other reasons besides those that concern its own prestige. For some technical reasons involving the requirements of corroboration, it may prove impossible even to prosecute Matusow for perjury; furthermore, because of the Matusow mess, future prosecutions involving the use of other ex-Communists as witnesses may be weakened. The latter contingency, no doubt, is quite apparent to what is left of the Communist Party, which must be rubbing it hands in pleasure.

In any case, the whole unsavory business would seem to endorse the instincts of those leading lights of the law who have always been profoundly uneasy about the wholesale use of professional paid informers. They have their valuable uses in many investigative areas, including tax and customs cases. Some have no doubt served well in Communist cases. But these cases often involve not only acts and associations but also the vague, unverifiable area of thoughts and ideas, and in this area professional informers obviously must be used with the utmost caution. They have not been so used, in this Administration or the last one.

Maybe now they will be.

(A broadcast by Mr. Sevareid over CBS radio.)

adopted an "understanding" that the State Department said was morally binding on the Administration. It said that Senate approval of the treaty would neither strengthen nor weaken the Chiang Government's claim to sovereignty over Formosa, the international status of which is yet to be decided.

One day later, when Nationalist China's Foreign Minister, George K.C. Yeh, was asked about the juridical status of Formosa, he answered, according to the New York *Times*, "Are you writing a Ph.D. thesis in international law? Let's talk of practical matters. There has never been any legal question about who has Formosa and to whom Formosa belongs. It was made a province of China right after V-J Day and Japan recognized this status in surrendering the island to us."

The foregoing shows how the existing legal patterns just cannot fit our relationship with the Government of Nationalist China. Yet we have with this Government a treaty —and of mutual defense, of all things. But is this Government legally entitled to the possession of Formosa and the Pescadores? Yes or no?

Well, to be helpful to everybody concerned, including Generalissimo Chiang and Mr. Dulles, we would dare to suggest that there is something new here: a Government with squatter's rights over these contested islands. Or just to make things more regular, our country, as the leading recipient of the surrender of Japan, could lend these islands to the Government of Nationalist China. If the rent to be paid us could be settled at one headache a day—only one—this would be quite a bargain for our Administration.

However, beyond any reasonable doubt there is an army under Chiang Kai-shek. We should know it, for all the weapons this army has came from us. But it is still a squatter's army.

Strangely enough, when we were fighting Red China in Korea, there too we were dealing with an army without a country; we were not at war with Red China because we only fought the Chinese People's Volunteers. Mao's Government devised that fiction, and our national leaders, the Democrats and Repub-

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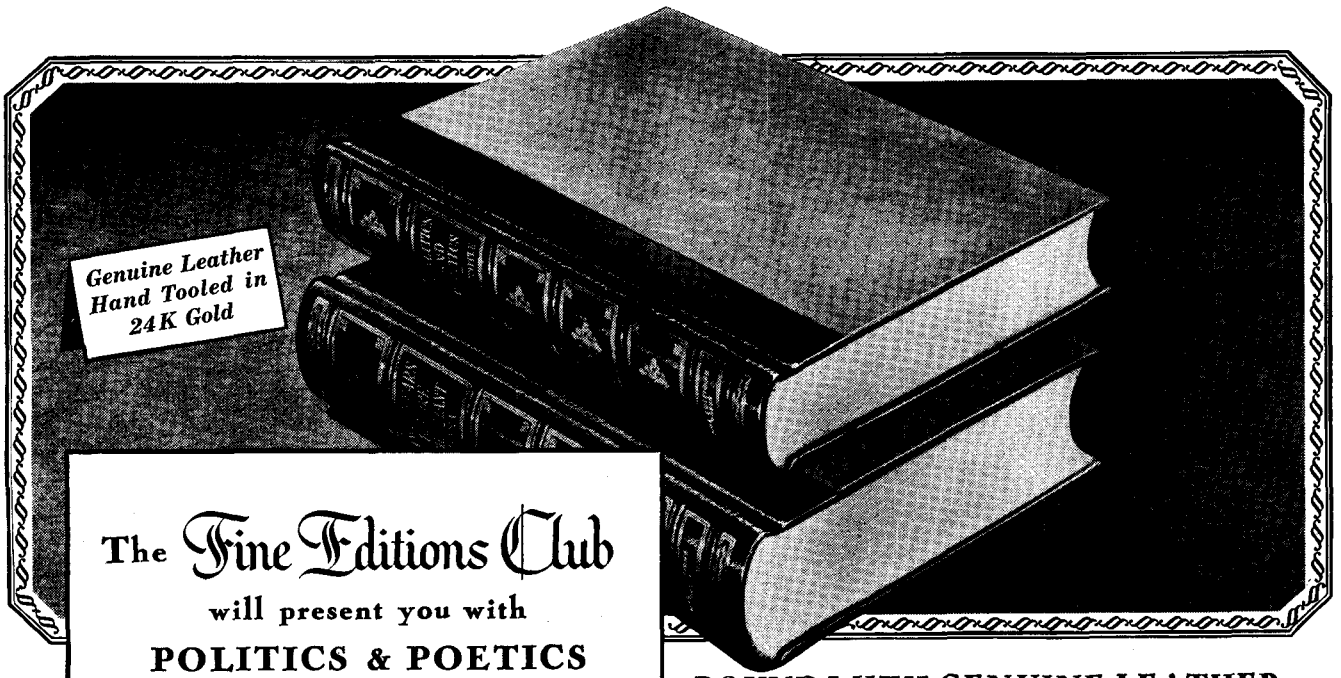

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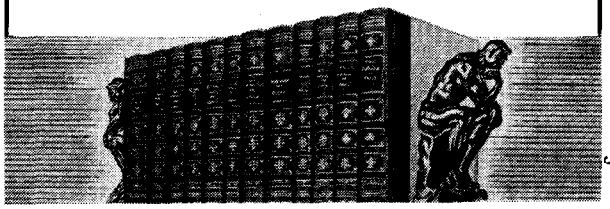

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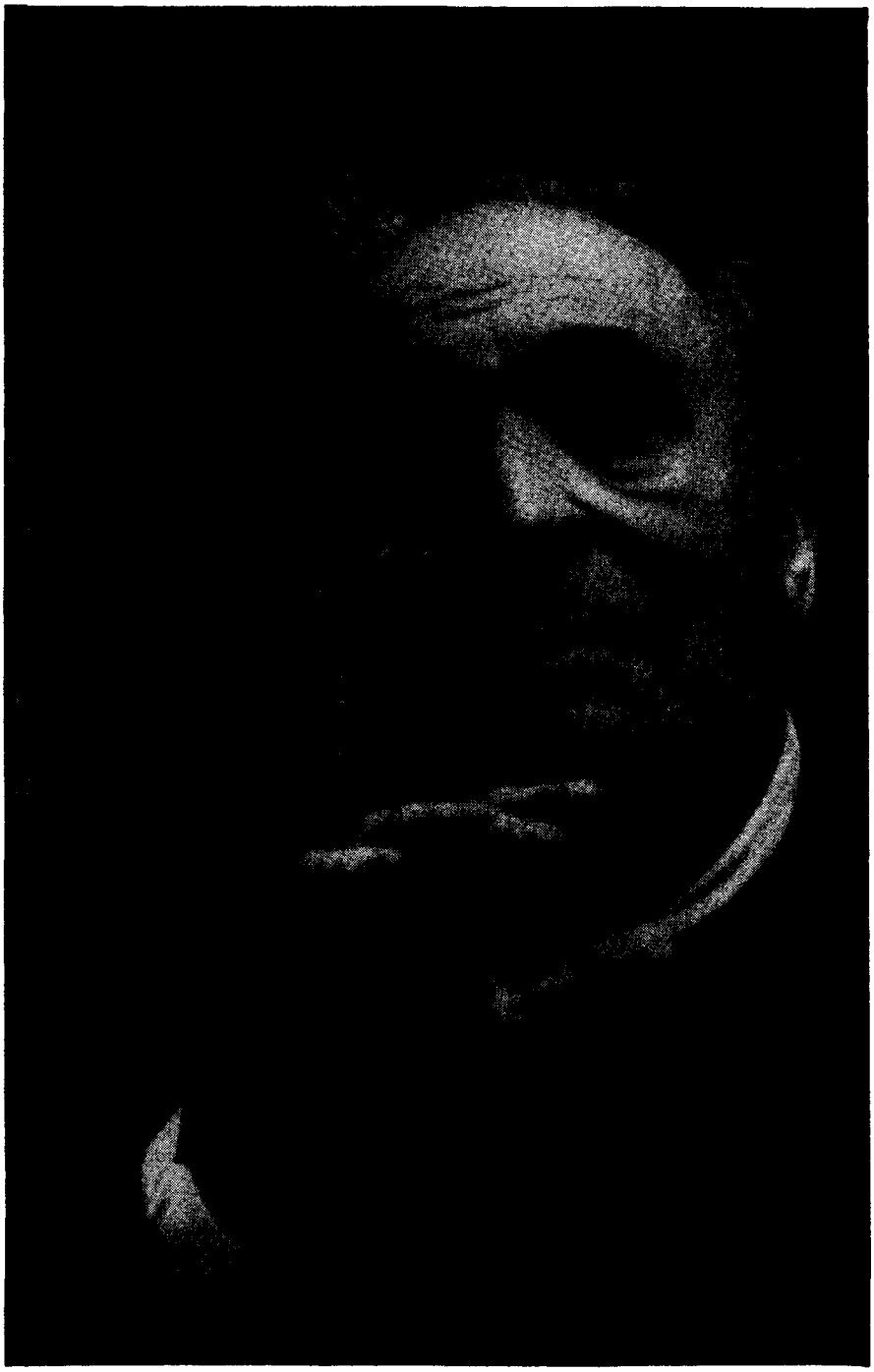

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The genius of Bruno Walter is more than a rare understanding of a man for music. Doctor Walter has nourished the subtle genius of other great men before him as only the greatest of interpreters can do. His creative performances of the works of Johannes Brahms and Gustav Mahler stand unique and immortal in the history of recorded music. Bruno Walter's flawless performances with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York have been brilliantly recorded by Columbia sound engineers with the same artistry he brings to music. Doctor Walter has chosen to record *exclusively* for Columbia Masterworks Records.

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licans, out-Maoed Mao in sticking to it to the bitter end. The U.S. fliers still prisoners in Red China are paying very dearly for that Red Chinese-American fiction. For since we have never been at war with Red China we have never signed an armistice with it.

IN THE CASE of both Nationalist and Red China, we have come to accept the existence of an army without a country—or with a country in a legal limbo, anyway. Fear of the Allies and of world opinion prevents us from acknowledging, formally and unmistakably, the sovereignty of the Chinese Nationalist Government over Formosa and the Pescadores. Fear of the right-wing Republicans and of Chiang prevented us from acknowledging the existence of a country that was at war with us. Fear can produce strange nightmares and nightmarish situations.

Free-Trade Foe

We dropped by for a visit recently at the Washington office of Oscar R. Strackbein, the well-known lobbyist for higher tariffs. He is the chairman of a group called the National Committee of Industry, Agriculture, and Labor on Import-Export Policy. Mr. Strackbein, who dresses like a conservative businessman, speaks slowly and thoughtfully, pausing to weigh the meaning of his words. To judge from his desk, heaped and littered with trade journals and reference books as well as all sorts of papers, his must be a one-man operation.

Mr. Strackbein, more than anyone else, forced the Administration to abandon the Randall Report last year and settle instead for a modest one-year extension of reciprocal trade. "I think we have a few successes to our credit," he said. "It takes hard work, daily analysis of bills, and keeping the membership informed."

"How do you get clients, Mr. Strackbein?" we asked.

"I don't have clients. I have members," he replied. "People think I know every Congressman," he went on. "What do they think I am? Let's see, at ten Congressmen a day"—there was a pause while he made some calculations—"it would take forty-three working days, long days.

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I know only about a hundred, hundred and fifty maybe. In this business you've got to focus your shots, stick to the ones who have some influence." For tariff questions in the House, this comes down pretty much to the members of the Rules and the Ways and Means Committees.

We asked him whether he had spent any time trying to influence the Randall Commission. "No," he said. "You're wasting your time when you know it's hand-picked.

"It's all much harder this year than it used to be. You can't get close to the leaders . . . Last year we had a chance to help write the Simpson [Anti-free-trade] bill; then all we had to do was get behind it. This year we have to round up opinion against a bill. Got to get witnesses, lots of witnesses, plan strategy, write to the membership . . ."

What about writing speeches for Congressmen, for instance? "I ought to do it. It would help a lot. But it's hard work, and I'm a busy man." Mr. Strackbein's entire office consists of one assistant and two secretaries. "It sounds as though you could use a larger staff, Mr. Strackbein," we said. "Oh yes, I could indeed," he rejoined. "Would you be any more effective if you had a larger staff?" we asked. Mr. Strackbein smiled. "I doubt it," he said.

"You know," he remarked wistfully, "I've never yet met one of those lobbyists they're always writing about—the kind with the gay parties and the dancing girls. I'd like to meet one of them, just to see how those fellows operate."

And then he thought about it some more. "No, I wouldn't," he said. "I'm doing all right just the way I am."

Former Educator on Education

The President's tribute to education, in his message to Congress on the subject, is as eloquent as can be. Like everyone else, the President is in favor. "For unless," the message says, "education continues to be free —free in its response to local community needs, free from any suggestion of political domination, and free from impediments to the pursuit of knowledge by teachers and students —it will cease to serve the purposes

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of free men." The President wants to keep education free.

He seems especially anxious to keep it free from the curse of Federal support and Federal money. Because, as he said in his press conference of February 9, "As quickly as you start spending Federal money in great amounts, it looks like free money. The shibboleth of free money from Washington can certainly damage."

The President intends to limit this possible damage to the full extent of his ability. But the shibboleth he talks about is surely damaging his own thinking. The President happens to have been head of Columbia University and must know how greatly our educational system needs financial assistance at this time. He must also remember that the Federal government had much to do on a great number of occasions with the creating of this system—notably by the land grants it made when the system was launched.

But for the President it still seems that there is something sinful in the use of Federal money. In his mind Federal money is unearned money—not like the money business makes. It is a necessary evil that can be used to offset other evils like war, or to render public services that private and local initiative cannot take care of.

There is an emotional quality in the President's attitude toward the "shibboleth of free money from Washington" that distorts his thinking at a moment when our entire educational system admittedly faces a time of crisis. The sooner he can rise above this prejudice and see Federal money for what it is—an untainted public trust—so much the better.

Meanwhile we cannot help agreeing with Senator Lister Hill in recognizing how pitifully inadequate is the educational program proposed in the President's message. The message admits a present deficit of more than three hundred thousand classrooms—and asks for money to build a few thousand of them. It admits that "too many teachers are underpaid and overworked"—and asks no "free" Washington money to pay the overworked and the underpaid. Students with no teachers in classrooms that are not there will be harmed by no shibboleth.

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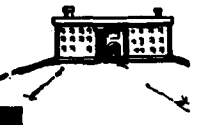

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WITH approximately fifty-five per cent of current revenue going for defense, what are the American people buying? Protection from aggression or ultimate ruin? This is the question raised by **Brigadier General Thomas R. Phillips** (U.S.A., Ret.). His answer should give all citizens extraordinarily grave reasons for worry.

Max Ascoli's editorial deals with this subject, to which we shall return repeatedly. The fuze is burning. Can it be snuffed out? Dr. Ascoli and General Phillips think it can—but not unless a full awareness of the peril is brought to our leaders and to the nation. General Phillips is military critic of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Amid so much cause for gloom, it is refreshing to be informed by the Administration that our economic prospects are so rosy—and even more to read the urbane and humorous comments that **John Kenneth Galbraith** makes on these prospects. We happened to see the statement that Professor Galbraith delivered on January 28, when he was called to testify before the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report, and we asked him to rework it for publication in *The Reporter.* Mr. Galbraith is professor of economics at Harvard and the author of *American Capitalism* and *A Theory of Price Control.*

PHENIX CITY, Alabama, has been reported widely as a sink of iniquity. We asked our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** an Alabaman himself, to have a look at Phenix City. According to his firsthand report, this Alabama town turns out to be quite a place indeed. Will the present reform last?

The man whose election enabled the Democrats to organize the Senate tells us what "partnership"—between the Federal government and local interests—means for the nation's power and natural resources. In a forthcoming issue *The Reporter,* to give both sides a chance to be heard, will present a viewpoint somewhat different from **Senator Richard L. Neuberger's.**

Saul K. Padover's book *The Washington Papers* (Harper) is being published this month. Dr. Padover, author and historian, is Dean of the School of Politics at the New School in New York.

We are particularly happy about **Norman Thomas's** article because it shows how a thing that is wrong can be made right, and because it is a record not of complaint alone but of achievement. Respected by his fellow citizens of all parties, the veteran Socialist recently celebrated his seventieth birthday.

It is not generally realized that the U.N. once founded a kingdom. Libya is having a tough time. **Ray Alan,** who reports what he saw during an extensive stay, is a frequent contributor.

India's present policy of neutrality, combined with our memory of Gandhi's doctrine of nonviolence, has created the general impression that India is without means to fight even if it should want to. It is reassuring to discover that India is defended by a well-trained army. The British correspondent in Delhi who describes this army uses the pen name of **Desmond Howe.**

AMERICANS seem to be increasingly interested in our country's past. Books on history sell like hot cakes. **William Harlan Hale,** himself the author of a biography of Horace Greeley, surveys and analyzes the current boom.

Madeleine Chapsal, young French writer and critic, writes about Françoise Sagan, an adolescent girl whose first novel is an international best seller.

Robert Bingham is the Assistant Managing Editor of *The Reporter.* His short story "The Unpopular Passenger" (February 2, 1954) was included in the *O. Henry Prize Stories of 1955.*

Our cover reproduces a paper-sculpture design by our Art Editor, **Reg Massie.**

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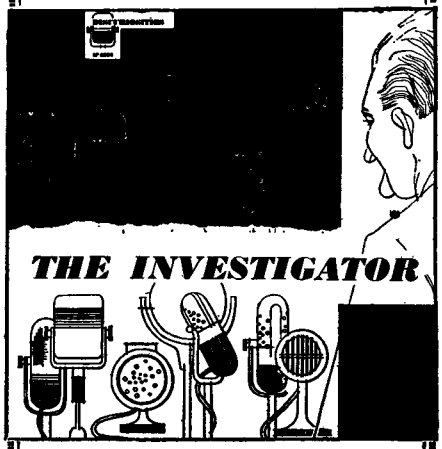

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CORRESPONDENCE

PEALE AND NIEBUHR

To the Editor: William Lee Miller's two articles on Reinhold Niebuhr and Norman Vincent Peale (*The Reporter*, January 13) are admirable journalism. That on Niebuhr is much the better, both because it deals with the more significant man and because it speaks from admiration and not, as does the other, from distaste.

I have not seen anywhere so good a summary of Niebuhr's position and influence, nor so round a condemnation of Peale's Pollyannaism. Having myself been so repelled by the advertising that I have never read a word of the latter's books, I am not competent to criticize either Miller's article or its victim.

NORMAN B. NASH
Protestant Episcopal
Bishop of Massachusetts
Boston

To the Editor: The tragedy of Dr. Peale lies in the fact that he gives no help or hope to the individual wrestling with problems beyond his power to solve. In spite of good intentions an individual may be caught in impossible conditions created by society and be unable to do anything about his situation. His failure is in reality the failure of society, which no amount of individual repentance can overcome. Dr. Niebuhr recognizes this collective guilt of society which must be met through social and political action.

ANDREW E. MURRAY
Dean of the Seminary
Lincoln University
Pennsylvania

To the Editor: *Time* and *Life* are not the only excellent examples of much that Reinhold Niebuhr criticizes. The black-and-white world of Mr. Miller, who so uncritically glorifies Professor Niebuhr and so unqualifiedly ridicules Dr. Peale, is a still more apt sample. The irony of Reinhold Niebuhr is not that Henry Luce misunderstands him, but that the "products of his teaching" fail to take seriously what he has to say.

HERBERT RICHARDSON
Boston

To the Editor: The rather irritable remark is made in the course of Mr. Miller's article that Dr. Peale talks about only one thing, no matter in what paragraph or what article.

It seems to me if this author would pause to analyze, especially with his spirit rather than with his mind, he would at once see that the character of all Dr. Peale's writing is necessarily of the nature he comments upon because Dr. Peale is talking about one thing only, and that is God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost.

L. M. BOYERS, M.D.
Berkeley, California

To the Editor: Some positive praise for Mr. Miller's negative thoughts on Norman Vincent Peale. He has put into print the thoughts and sentiments of many of us who have been forced to combat this dread disease in our normal pastoral rounds.

I heard Dr. Peale in Cincinnati not long ago. One story impressed me—and he has millions of them, *millions* of them. It was of a high jumper who, by Positive Thinking alone, became the greatest high jumper in the world. I thought then—and I still meditate on it now and again—of what would have happened if there had been *two* Positive Thinkers in that competition. They would still have been jumping.

This, of course, is the crux of the problem: PT teaches and guarantees "no defeat" in a world that refuses to support this optimistic philosophy.

REV. DONALD T. OAKES
Cincinnati

To the Editor: In thinking of Niebuhr, we should stress the role which he has played in redirecting Protestant thinking here and abroad. The overoptimism which he attacked in much of cultural liberalism was also evident in Protestant liberalism. Niebuhr turned the historic power of Protestantism upon itself and changed the theological, if not yet the religious, climate of America. Those who would now like to be conservative in both theology and politics and claim him as their spokesman misunderstand him on both points.

JOHN DILLENBERGER
Associate Professor
of Theology
Harvard Divinity School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor: It is infinitely refreshing, when we are in danger of being sucked under a wave of spurious juke-box piety, to find *The Reporter* dealing in a sane and strong way with the vital issues of faith. Mr. Miller's two articles—on Niebuhr and Peale—are not presented as the best and the worst of American Protestanism, but that is approximately what it comes to. Peale's use of Scripture, in so far as he uses it at all, is grossly selective and highly misleading. He commits the mischief of dealing in phony solutions of real problems, obscuring the authentic Christian diagnosis and prescription, which is a good deal less palatable and a good deal more costly than his pious brand of Couéism, but at least had the strength in it to build the church whose pulpit Peale misuses.

ALEXANDER MILLER
Stanford, California

To the Editor: The great glaring error of Mr. Miller anent Niebuhr is the "admission" that Niebuhr sees the partiality of every point of view, *even his own.* This is pure hokum, if I may descend to the street where Niebuhr's theology is reputed to have been born.

The fact is that Niebuhr sees everyone's bias except his own and that, so far is he from seeing his own, he claims for his perspective the absolute validity of what he calls the "Biblical" point of view. Taking his stand within the church, as he "admits," and within the Bible, as he further "admits," Niebuhr calls upon his theology all the honor and glory of the long Christian tradition. If in doing this he reminded us from time to time that it was Niebuhr's viewpoint under discussion, all might pass with light unto light. But the reader is given to understand, and the poor students under Niebuhr are apparently likewise given to understand, that their mentor speaks for Christ. This is what it amounts to, and this, I say, is one of the most colossal pretensions that one can foist upon the rest.

N. P. JACOBSON
Rock Hill, South Carolina

To the Editor: Mr. Miller's acute reporting raises the question of why there should be such an utter contrast between American Protestantism's foremost prophet and its figure with the widest popular following. One might say that the cult of Peale is the clinching evidence for Niebuhr's direct forebodings, but that still doesn't answer the question.

Peale's skill has been in adapting the packaging techniques, so successful in commodities from patent medicines to frozen foods, to the plugging of a kind of religion. He has done the job so well that many people—probably including himself—have not noticed that the contents of his package have practically nothing to do with the New Testament faith.

The phenomenon makes one dimly wonder whether the age of TV and the public-relations man makes inevitable the sort of thing Peale represents. In Protestantism's first years Martin Luther was able to capitalize on the then revolutionary technique of printing to spread his translations of Scripture and his theology without losing profundity of content. Christian leaders today had better ask whether they can similarly use the new techniques of mass communication or whether the banalities of Peale are all the traffic can bear.

ROGER L. SHINN
Professor of Theology
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tennessee

BEAM IN OUR OWN EYE

To the Editor: I was struck by the curious association of Mr. Miller's article excoriating the oversimplifications of Dr. Peale and an ad appearing on page 37 of the same issue promising

A SECRET METHOD FOR
THE MASTERY OF LIFE

I can only presume that your editorial staff and your advertising staff operate on very different principles in the selection of material to be published in the magazine.

LYDIA MOREHOUSE
Reno

REVIEWER'S CONSCIENCE

To the Editor: In my article "Radio's Rut," in *The Reporter's* February 10 issue, I did WRCA's Saturday night program "Conversation" an injustice I would like to rectify. It was my misfortune to have missed certain "Conversations" which, I have been told, were not only stimulating, distinguished, and enjoyable, but did indeed break radio's stale mold.

MARYA MANNES
New York

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MAX ASCOLI

The Fuze Is Burning

A STALEMATE in the Formosa Strait has been heralded as the nearest equivalent of peace. Since 1945, wherever fighting has broken out, the best that men of good will have been able to devise has been some frail equivalent of peace. Usually it has been an armistice, as in the cases of Kashmir, Palestine, and Korea. Even before an armistice is concluded, a cease-fire or a gradual ceasing of fire is enough to give men of our days a little foretaste of peace. What follows is, at best, a rationed and precarious ersatz.

A stalemate, however, is an even poorer substitute for peace. It implies the deployment of forces that test and neutralize each other, while conducting occasional actions of warfare. Yet there are people in our own country as well as in Russia and China who are rather pleased with this bleeding equivalent of peace.

Increasingly since 1945, this debasement of peace has been going on. Increasingly, communication between our country and the Communist bloc has been entrusted more to the blunt show of strength than to diplomacy. It has been said with great insistence by men of both our parties that fruitful diplomatic relations with the Communist world are possible only when we negotiate from strength—and the Communist powers, without theorizing, have actually adhered to the same doctrine with a vengeance. Unfortunately, while both sides compete in making their positions of strength stronger, communication between our nation and the Communist régimes has become one of muscle to muscle, skin to skin, without much talk but with much yelling and gnashing of teeth.

In the Formosa Strait this new muscle diplomacy can be seen in the raw. It may succeed in preventing something much worse; indeed, while waiting for the mediation of the British Commonwealth and of the U.N., this is the best one can pray for. But the explosion that a stalemate may prevent in the Pacific will certainly occur somewhere else unless our government—and first of all, our President—acts now. General Phillips, in the article that follows, shows how horrible and how imminent the danger is.

IN THE Pacific, we have deployed as a deterrent against Red China's aggression a formidable array of carriers and air squadrons. But Red China is only the lesser of our two potential enemies, and most of the power we parade against it is what is called conventional.

We are deploying in the Pacific an antiquarian's arsenal, and probably our middle-aged admirals and Air Force generals may have their last chance to see tested in action some of the theories they have laboriously worked on. These theories were novel, indeed revolutionary, until a very few months ago. Now the existence of the hydrogen bomb, the coming of the era of hydrogen plenty, with its super and super-super bombs, has made entirely obsolete all we had thought to be the most up-to-date methods of land, sea, and air warfare.

As General Phillips shows, when both sides put their major reliance on the ultimate weapon they can no longer afford to keep conventional forces that the enemy could easily vaporize. When this point is reached —the point of no return—at the first threat of war each side will rush to use the ultimate weapon rather than be its first target. Once the point of no return is reached, having the weapon will mean using it.

In the Pacific we are facing Red China, not Soviet Russia. Many of the Russian Communist leaders may be quite happy at the sight of that tournament where so much of the American hardware has a chance to be displayed and to wear out. Unless, of course, Red Chinese provocation forces our commanders to use atomic weapons. In that case, the point of no return with Russia would be instantly reached. This danger will be with us just as long as this cherished equivalent of peace, the stalemate, keeps us forever fencing with Red China across the Formosa Strait.

The fuze is burning in Asia, but the powder keg is in Europe.

SOME REPUBLICANS as well as some Russian leaders may rejoice for entirely different reasons at the thought that the stalemate will last long and that there is no great danger that it will degenerate into a cease-fire—not to mention the establishment of peace with Red China. These Republicans and these Russian leaders, these conscious or unconscious pyromaniacs, have too much power for comfort.

There is certainly one Republican —the one who is supposed to lead them all—and probably one high-ranking Russian who have no taste for ersatz peace. It will not be too soon if President Eisenhower and Marshal Zhukov resume their comradely co-operation tomorrow.

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Our Point Of No Return

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brigadier General U.S.A. (Ret.)

THE PRESIDENT and Congress are faced in the military budget with the dilemma of what kind of a military establishment to buy: Exclusively nuclear? Or nuclear *and* conventional so that limited localized wars can be fought? Our statesmen are in a fight against time. Can total war be effectively outlawed before the point of no return is reached? That point will be reached when armies, navies, and air forces are so heavily armed with atomic weapons that any war would necessarily be atomic and total.

Once more the President and Congress must determine the apportionment of funds among the three services. Already the President has decided that an even greater emphasis should be put on the Air Force, as the principal atomic carrier, while the strengths of the Army and Navy are to be decreased.

The decision, involving the entire military establishment, implies devising strategy and tactics for a whole family of new weapons that have never been used in war. Our military leaders have to foresee to the best of their ability whether a nuclear war would be long or short. Should they conclude that it would be short, would it not then follow that our grand schemes for reserve forces, industrial mobilization, stockpiles of strategic materials, and billions of dollars' worth of armaments in storage should be drastically revised?

Each service in turn has its own problems. The Army is debating whether the nuclear battlefield requires more or fewer soldiers. The Navy has to decide how it can defend its warships against a weapon that is decisive even though it falls half a mile wide of the mark. Shouldn't the Navy ask itself whether it should dispense with aircraft carriers and hunter-killer groups of destroyers and depend upon aircraft to destroy enemy submarines with atomic depth charges?

Atomic Scarcity

The only two atomic bombs the United States had left after the Alamogordo test were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945.

Then, and for some time later, it was thought that atomic bombs could produce only a definite amount of destruction and that their size could not be varied, except within narrow limits. The two first operational bombs had energy releases equivalent to that of the explosion of fifteen thousand and twenty thousand tons of TNT. For convenience, the terms "kiloton" and "megaton" are now used to indicate an energy release equivalent to that of one thousand and one million tons of TNT respectively.

The igniting device in the early bombs was of a Rube Goldberg complexity. It was too sensitive to be fired from a cannon, however large, or to allow the bomb to be dropped onto land or water. Only an air burst was possible, so the use of the bomb was confined to aircraft. An air burst caused destruction over a greater area than a ground-contact burst would have, anyway.

For some years following the war the stock of atomic bombs was slowly built up, but there were still too few of them to be considered for use on any except the most important targets. At the same time scientists were gradually learning how to make both smaller and bigger atomic weapons, ranging all the way from five to five hundred kilotons in power. The trigger mechanism was perfected so that the weapons could be shot from a gun or dropped on ground or water.

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The tactics thought of during the time of atomic scarcity were simple: Drop the bomb on the biggest concentrations of industry and communications that can be found and put them out of business. One Air Force general revealed that ninety-two such targets had been selected in the Soviet Union.

Atomic scarcity prevailed during the Korean War. It was still felt necessary to find a specialized target to justify use of the bomb. A test was conducted by the Air Force during the Korean War in the spring of 1951 to see whether such a target could be found. For three months reconnaissance aircraft searched North Korea in vain: No concentration of troops was found important enough to warrant—had the U.N. command so decided—the use of the precious A-bomb.

Even if what was considered a suitable target had been discovered, it is doubtful whether the bomb would have been used on it. Because of the nature of the terrain in Korea, with its narrow valleys and steep hills, it was thought that the effect of the blast might be so localized that the extent of damage would be small, thus leading the enemy to discount its power and depreciating the threat of atomic warfare in general.

Dawn of Atomic Plenty

Some time in 1951 or 1952, as fissionable material really went into mass production, rumors began to circulate around the Pentagon that pretty soon we should have fissionable material in abundance. The existing atomic plants had undergone substantial expansion and more efficient manufacturing methods had stepped up production greatly from existing facilities.

The explosion of the first Soviet atomic bomb in August, 1949, had aroused a new sense of urgency about our own atomic production and the development of the hydrogen bomb. A second expansion program was undertaken at Oak Ridge, and new plants were appropriated for at Paducah, Kentucky; Portsmouth, Ohio; and Aiken (Savannah River), South Carolina. The latter plant can produce tritium for the hydrogen bomb, or plutonium, as at Hanford, Washington.

As these plans developed—the last great construction appropriation of about $3 billion was made in 1952—the Army and the Navy, which had been eying the Air Force monopoly of atomic explosives rather sourly, stepped forward to claim their share.

The Army had not forgotten that during the period between 1946 and 1950 the Air Force had overconcentrated on its heavy bombers to such a degree that only one tactical wing was in existence to satisfy the Army's requirements for air support when the Korean War broke out. The Army also began developing its atomic cannon and atomic warheads for guided missiles.

The Navy, in its turn, foresaw the time when it would have atomic bombs transportable by carrier-based aircraft, atomic warheads for torpedoes and guided missiles, and atomic depth charges to use against submarines. With visions of destroying submarine pens with a single bomb and of sharing the Air Force's strategic bombing role, it too started development of the weapons.

The competition between the services for the available fissionable material became so acute as to approach a mad scramble. A working arrangement was reached, and there is now enough to satisfy all of the services.

The Soviet atomic explosion had an equally sensational effect on strategy. The idea slowly filtered through that as soon as the Russians had an adequate supply of atomic weapons and the aircraft to carry them, American centers of industry and communications would be targets of the Soviet long-range air force. Slowly and unwillingly the Air Force gave up its version of the Douhet theory: winning a war by destroying the enemy's centers of production.

It would have first to destroy the main threat to its own air bases and our major industrial centers. Its primary target became the Soviet long-range air force, which could deliver atomic bombs on us.

INITIALLY the Army was inclined to treat atomic weapons as just another explosive. For a good many centuries, the Army felt, soldiers had been threatened with destruction, first by gunpowder, then by fast-firing breech-loading rifles, by machine guns, by the tremendous increases in artillery, and now by something else.

Soldiers had always managed to live, in spite of numerous predictions of their extinction, and they would continue to do so, in the Army's opinion. It would be necessary, of course, to disperse more widely and dig more deeply. This would complicate the logistic problems. In general, the early attitude of the Army toward atomic weapons was that they could be added to the conventional battlefield with extensive but manageable adjustments.

The Navy initially tended to disregard the threats that atomic weapons in the hands of the enemy posed for it, although it was busy devising atomic weapons for its own use. That was the time when we thought that although we had lost our monopoly we still had a long lead in atomic weapons.

Our military thinking had not thoroughly adjusted itself to possession of a few atomic bombs when it had to face the coming of atomic plenty. It was estimated that by 1955 ten thousand atomic charges of all kinds would be available.

But it was amazing to see with what difficulty the military mind reconciled itself to the idea of atomic plenty. In maneuvers conducted by SHAPE in Germany last fall, the participants thought they had used a lot of atomic power by theoretically dropping five bombs and firing four atomic shells. I expressed surprise to a senior officer that so few had been "used" when so many were available. He answered, "If there is atomic plenty, no one has told us about it."

A War of Atomic Plenty

The hard choices that face the statesmen, the legislators, and the armed services are founded on the assumption, based on knowledge, that both sides are well supplied with atomic weapons, that each can damage the other grievously, and that there is no such thing as a small atomic war.

Enemy submarines would be on station in the Atlantic; enemy troops would be building up on the frontier. The first overt act probably would be an attack on our peripheral air bases with atomic weapons in an effort to cripple our major weapon, our air-atomic power.

The first target of the Strategic Air Command would be the enemy's

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long-range air bases. This would be a protective action to cripple the enemy's long-range bombing force as the most important air-defense measure.

Atomic bombs are ideal weapons against air bases. One small bomb would burn or flatten every facility on a base. "Let me assure you," the Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air declared in an address recently, "that we know exactly what size of bomb to use to lower the center of any man-made runway in the world to a depth of one hundred feet."

The degree of success of the initial battle to destroy the enemy's long-range air bases would determine to a large extent the amount of striking power that the enemy would have available to use against the mainland of North America. He might have to concentrate on bombing our long-range air bases—rather than our cities—for his self-defense.

On the land battlefields, the tactical forces would be engaged in a struggle for mutual annihilation by bombing tactical airfields with atomic bombs. The winner of this battle could then turn his tactical aircraft to a large degree toward bombing the other side's troops in the field.

Thus the winner of the air battle would, very probably, also win the land battle because of the freedom he would have to atomize the opposing armies. The West is inferior in tactical air in Europe. To make up for this, the second mission of the Strategic Air Command would be to assist tactical air to take out the enemy air bases.

The atomic bombing of centers of industry and communication (which means cities) is relegated to a low priority in this conception. It is necessary to destroy the immediate threats to your existence first. These are the enemy air, ground, and submarine forces. The latter would be attacked with atomic weapons in their ports and pens as well as hunted over the oceans.

THE conventional battlefield would become unrecognizable. General Matthew B. Ridgway, Chief of Staff of the Army, told the House Armed Services Committee of battle zones 150 to 200 miles deep, compared to the conventional zones thirty to fifty miles deep. A battle zone includes the rear areas containing supply establishments, hospitals, and all the "tail" of an army. The battlefield itself would not be nearly so deep as the battle zone.

Dispersion multiplies the problems of supply. The Army is now thinking in terms of small, lightly armed formations, capable of coalescing or dividing, transportable and capable of being supplied by air. This sort of battlefield, approaching guerrilla warfare in nature, may be the only defense against the power of atomic weapons.

On the conventional battlefield ten atomic weapons could lay down a barrage or clear a path through enemy lines more effectively than a hundred thousand shells from conventional cannon. The dispersion is intended to multiply the expenditure of atomic weapons to accomplish a smaller result.

HERE ARISES ONE of the dilemmas that face the Army, Congress, the President, and his budget. On the dispersed battlefield there is no use for most of the conventional artillery with which the Army is now equipped. Atomic weapons can take over all medium- and long-range artillery functions, while only a limited number of light artillery weapons need be retained for small mobile units.

Should the Army discard its conventional artillery? The shells in storage cost billions. They are transported by shiploads across the sea and move toward the front by trainloads. Their final transport is by thousands of trucks. The savings would be enormous in first cost, in storage, and in transportation. But once the change had been made, any war would be atomic war, and the point of no return would have been reached.

There would also be great savings of manpower in discarding conventional artillery in favor of atomic weapons. The Army contends, however, that the increased depth of the battlefield created by the need for dispersion may ultimately require more men.

And in contrast to savings in field artillery, there would be a greatly increased requirement for anti-aircraft artillery and rockets. The threat of atomic weapons over the entire battle zone would be so great that air defense of all sorts would be multiplied over and over.

The Atlantic: A Narrow Sea

Seaports would be early targets for both sides. A single large atomic bomb could put any port out of action for months. The waves raised would sweep away much of the port facilities and damage them all. Radioactive spray would make sections unusable for a long time. Ports could be destroyed also by atomic mines and by torpedoes with atomic warheads. And finally the threat of atomic bombing should make anyone hesitate about sending shiploads of troops into ports that might be destroyed at any minute.

Here is a dilemma of several sorts. How would the Navy convoy and transport troops and supplies across the ocean if the major ports could not be used? Landing from individual ships on beaches in darkness would never meet the requirements for manpower and supplies in any European war. The reinforcements might have to go entirely by air and supplies might have to come mainly from the theater of war itself.

Naval bases could be destroyed just as easily. The Navy looks toward building a force that can be self-sufficient for at least thirty days if its bases are bombed out.

The Navy, too, has to reckon with the fact that the enemy has atomic bombs. Usually in the Second World War hundreds of bombs, almost all misses or near misses, had to be dropped to sink a ship. In contrast, an atomic bomb falling within half a mile is a sure kill.

The Navy would disperse so that one bomb could not hurt more than one ship. Its anti-aircraft defenses have improved greatly and would be adequate against conventional bombs. The Navy is planning to use atomic warheads on anti-aircraft rockets to increase the certainty of defense. It will have an air cover flying at all times and distant warning picket submarines looking for the enemy. Nevertheless, before the test comes, no one knows whether the victory would lie with enemy bombers or with the fleet.

The danger is to be avoided also by keeping away from narrow seas

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and bombing forces. Whereas a few years ago senior Navy officers explained to me how they would operate in the Baltic and Black Seas, recently the Assistant Secretary implied not only that the Navy had no business operating in a narrow sea such as the Mediterranean, but also that the North Atlantic should be considered a narrow sea. The great area of usefulness for carriers, he seemed to believe, would be in the far stretches of the Pacific, where our land bases are sparse and the possible antagonists have neither long-range bombers nor atomic weapons.

But there is a gain in submarine hunting. The hunter-killer groups with a baby flattop and three or four destroyers ready to throw hedgehogs or depth charges would be replaced by helicopters and aircraft carrying atomic depth charges. A long miss would be a kill.

The Navy budget presents a problem to the President. The Assistant Secretary conceded that a "number of our past weapons and forces are sooner or later going to become relics of history . . . and we must recognize our obligation to discard those that fail." He refused to discuss the weapons that he now regards as relics, but among them are hundreds of destroyers that no longer meet the test of multipurpose flexibility, speed, range, and lethality. Should the President have provided in his budget for the discard of naval weapons that already the Navy sees are becoming relics?

Budgeting a Short War

The dilemma of whether a war would be long or short has tremendous budgetary importance. Few who know the capabilities of destruction of atomic weapons believe that an atomic war could last long. At SHAPE, where the staff has been studying and war-gaming atomic war for more than two years, they are sure it will be short. "How long?" one asks. "Two weeks? Two months?" They reply with a shrug.

In the budget, there is provision for the expenditure of more than a billion dollars on the reserves of the three services. New legislation has been introduced to provide a ready reserve of three million men and a standby reserve of two million more.

In a short war, few of these would even get into uniform and none of them except air-defense minute men would perform any useful service.

And if a war should be short there is no requirement for fleets of warships in mothballs, for great stocks of ammunition and arms in reserve, for stocks of strategic materials, for standby industrial facilities.

If a war is short, it is the forces in being that will fight it. The President has not faced this problem in his budget. Instead he plans to reduce the active forces and increase the reserve forces.

The Hydrogen Horror

While military and budgetary thinking is still groping for answers to the problems of atomic plenty, a third revolution—the hydrogen bomb and imminent hydrogen plenty—has arrived. Pursued to its ultimate military implications, hydrogen plenty would end the requirement for conventional armies and navies, except as police forces. Instead of war as a means to political ends, hydrogen plenty offers only limitless destruction. In spite of Molotov's boasting, it is hard to know whether the Soviets too are on the verge of hydrogen plenty, but they certainly have the hydrogen bomb.

We exploded a hydrogen "device" at Eniwetok in November, 1952. It completely vaporized the island of Elugelab, leaving a crater 175 feet deep and more than a mile in diameter. The device was rather small in terms of hydrogen explosives—an energy release equivalent to that of seven million or eight million tons of TNT.

In March, 1954, a droppable bomb was exploded statically. It released energy equivalent to between fifteen million and twenty-two million tons of TNT. Some of the ash fell on a Japanese fishing boat, the *Fortunate Dragon,* seventy-six miles away. All of the crew became seriously ill and one died. Larger bombs have been announced, large enough to vaporize the entire surface of the earth within ten miles of ground zero.

The hydrogen bomb's fallout comes from thousands or millions of tons of matter sucked up into the stem and mushroom head of the atomic cloud and made radioactive. It has been estimated that the fallout from the ground burst of a large hydrogen bomb could cover an area of about ten thousand square miles—that of Maryland—with serious to lethal effects for the first day.

Although the power of such a hydrogen bomb far exceeds military requirements and its use would often be like firing a cannon to kill a fly, some military planners see it of great value. Its large radius of destruction allows misses of miles but still includes the target in the destroyed areas. This is an important factor in plans for the intercontinental ballistic missile, which will not be alto-

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gether accurate at intercontinental ranges.

No One Dreams . . .

Within two or three years, the United States can make enough hydrogen weapons, if they were evenly distributed, to vaporize, burn, and blacken every square mile of an area the size of the United States.

No one dreams of fighting wars in this fashion today, but the results of any atomic war are incalculable. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles believes that it will be possible to limit the use of atomic weapons to tactical purposes. Destruction of airfields, supply installations, ports, and lines of communication is considered tactical employment. Such operations would inevitably include destruction of cities.

In the atomic maneuver in Europe previously referred to, three thousand enemy troops had taken cover in a town of fifty thousand that lay in the battle zone. Was it necessary to destroy fifty thousand people to get three thousand soldiers? Obviously it was, since if a city were allowed to become a refuge, the enemy would always hide out in the cities. As the President said in a recent press conference, there is really no definite dividing line between the tactical use of atomic weapons and the miscalled strategic use of them.

It is almost inevitable that in the passions aroused by the initial atomic destruction on both sides, any limits on the use of atomic weapons would go by the board and the object of the war would soon become only to inflict the greatest possible destruction on the enemy.

It is such a prospect that makes the statesmen's decisions so fateful. Their dilemma is how to prevent the armed forces from organizing around atomic weapons so completely and from becoming so wholly dependent upon them that any war will inevitably be atomic—with all incalculable consequences.

The statesmen know that it has been possible to control and limit war and weapons in the past, but that it has never been possible to banish war. They know that to prevent devastation of much of the civilized world, to save not millions from death in war but tens of millions from vaporization, burning, and radioactive poisoning, they must intervene to banish atomic armaments before the point of no return from their inevitable use has been reached.

When atomic bombs and shells have replaced conventional artillery, when ground forces have to disperse for protection against atomic attack,

when navies have become dependent upon atomic depth charges to kill submarines and upon atomic guided rockets for air defense, then the stage will be reached when war will be only atomic and total.

Atomic NATO

General Alfred M. Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander Europe, holds that the point of no return has already been reached. He has no choice, he told me last October, except to use atomic weapons whether the enemy does or not. They are essential to the defense of Europe to restore the imbalance of military power in conventional forces between the Soviet Union and the West, Gruenther declared.

This is entirely valid reasoning from the point of view of a military commander. Since the enemy has atomic weapons, our troops must be widely dispersed to minimize losses if they are attacked with those weapons. When they are dispersed to this degree, they are spread too widely to make a defense against a conventional attack. They have to depend upon the assistance of atomic weapons to break up and disperse the enemy formations. If our troops attack in conventional formations, they will be targets of enemy atomic weapons, whereas if they attack widely dispersed they must have atomic support to succeed. This logic is controlling at SHAPE.

Gruenther has been authorized to plan to use atomic weapons and to reorganize his forces around them. Our own Navy and Air Force are being reorganized so that in another three, four, or five years they will be able to fight only atomic wars. Our statesmen, if this outcome is to be avoided, will have to delay this process long enough to reach some sort of international agreement that will prevent war or banish atomic weapons. It will be too late within five years.

The President's budget resolves none of these dilemmas. On the one hand he declared: "It is our purpose . . . to banish the threat of atomic warfare which now confronts the world," and on the other he said: "This budget . . . continues the emphasis on . . . nuclear-air retaliatory power . . . as the principal deterrent to military aggression." He is pulling in opposite directions at the same time, but much harder in the direction of nuclear-air atomic power than toward banishment of atomic weapons.

His budget does not appear to acknowledge the probability—to say the least—that an atomic war would be short. On the contrary, he is decreasing the active forces that would be used in a short war, and increasing the reserves, which probably never would be used in an atomic war. The ground forces are decreased while the expansion of the Air Force is continued. This is heading toward total dependence upon atomic weapons.

The point of no return will not have been reached by the end of the next fiscal year—June 30, 1956. Our own forces and those of NATO in Europe have not yet gone so far in reorganization and dependence upon atomic weapons that the drift cannot be halted. But after that, the shift will be taking place with increasing momentum. Mankind still has two or three years to maneuver itself out of the trap. But time is short, and mankind's fate is being decided today.

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Economics for 1955: Hardheaded Bemusement

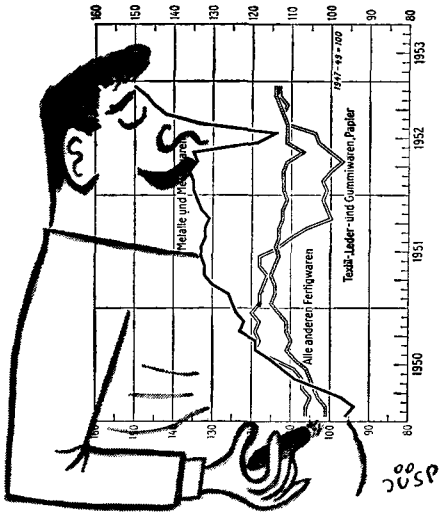
JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE EARLY WEEKS of the new year, marked as they are by the State of the Union message, the budget, and the year-end report of the Council of Economic Advisers, are now an accepted occasion for introspection, contemplation, and stocktaking on economic matters. This is a fine thing. Only by setting aside a particular time to think about the American economy are we likely to think systematically about it at all. The reports just mentioned provide indispensable guidance for our thoughts.

This year's economic report of the CEA, the most important of the texts for this exercise, is in many ways an admirable document. The writing is lucid, clear, and effective; the economic data bearing on the past and current behavior of the economy are marshaled and presented with genuine craftsmanship. The Eisenhower Administration, which once showed signs of being supercilious about social scientists—and intellectuals in general—deserves to be complimented on the talent it commands.

The reader of this report and also of the Budget Message must be impressed by the grace and ease with which the Administration has dispensed with its slogans about the absolute virtues of hard money, the unremitting need for a balanced budget, and the unspeakable evil of deficit financing. It has now concluded that these things are not good or bad in themselves. Those who so contend are attacked, by implication, as "extreme and doctrinaire." We are told by this year's report that the American people will not "passively accept depression or inflation." At some times, specifically when inflation threatens, the balanced budget is the epitome of fiscal virtue. At other times—and the Administration obviously feels the present is such a time—a deficit is desirable.

Once those who toyed with such ideas were regarded as dangerously *avant-garde* if not a trifle reckless. Now they have become pedestrian and commonplace and lost in the multitude. In 1935, in a letter to George Bernard Shaw, the late John Maynard Keynes said: "I believe myself to be writing a book on economic theory which will largely revolutionize—not I suppose at once



but in the next ten years—the way the world thinks about economic problems." That, to be sure, was twenty years ago. Still, had Keynes been pressed, he might have allowed himself a little more time to capture a Republican Administration.

Best of Times?

To find much that is good and progressive in the Administration's fiscal policy is not, of course, to accept it completely. The Council of Economic Advisers, in this year's report, takes an exceptionally rosy view of both the past and the future. After reviewing economic policy in the last two years, it concludes that it has been conducted with undeviating wisdom and perfect insight. There have been no mistakes. Even the Treasury's adventure with high interest rates in early 1953—an adventure which was quickly abandoned and which, if those who take monetary policy seriously are to be trusted, must have had some bearing on the recession that followed—is viewed now as an act of remarkable prescience. All other actions were perfectly conceived and they worked out to perfection.

This may not be so. And perhaps it is also a mistake—one that antedates the present Administration—to give the impression that on economic matters the government can and should play every round below par. Neither Republicans nor Democrats are that good. It would be interesting to know who is fooled by these ritualistic claims of omniscience.

There is an analogous problem in dealing with the future. After considering the prospect, this year's economic report concludes that it is wonderful in all respects. These annual reports on the economic outlook could, in time, degenerate into repetitive exercises in fatuous optimism. The present one is not reassuring in this regard.

THIS TENDENCY is disconcerting for a special reason. We have at the moment an Administration that prides itself on its businesslike attitudes and its ability to take a hardheaded view of its situation. Such realism would seem to imply, above all, a total avoidance of self-delusion and a positive desire to face facts and be prepared for the worst. Where economics is concerned, this would mean an eagerness to search out any lurking or latent threat of recession or stagnation or inflation. By being so forewarned we will then be forearmed with a policy.

Unhappily, the practice of the present Administration, for all its professions of hardheaded realism, is the precise opposite. The economic report says that improvement is practically certain to continue—"Hence, the business recovery now under way is powerfully supported by underlying forces of economic growth." The possibility of a setback is not mentioned. There is no hint that we might continue with a kind of high-level stagnation. We are told we can count on full prosperity and full employment, and there is apparently no serious concern about inflation. ("Fortunately when speculative trends develop, they usually

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become self-corrective before they become excessive.") Things may work out this way. But would it not be wiser, more reassuring to practical people everywhere, and also more businesslike to assume something a little less than the best?

THE Council of Economic Advisers and the Administration are undoubtedly sincere in their total optimism. Yet had they been looking for bad news they could have found some. Private investment in capital plant and equipment is one of the most important of all indicators. It fell by about a billion and a half last year, from $28.4 to $26.7 billion, and another half-billion reduction is expected in the present quarter. The recent upswing in business activity may have had an unhealthy dependence on the automobile industry and even on the struggle for leadership in that business. The Council sets great store by the housing industry, and private residential housing construction has been high. But vacancies are appearing in many cities. Just as we had an inventory cycle elsewhere in the economy, we could have one in housing as the backlog is made up and supply outruns demand. Export demand for farm products also continues to be weak. (It is not completely easy even to sell surpluses for free.) As a result, net farm income will almost certainly decline still more this year.

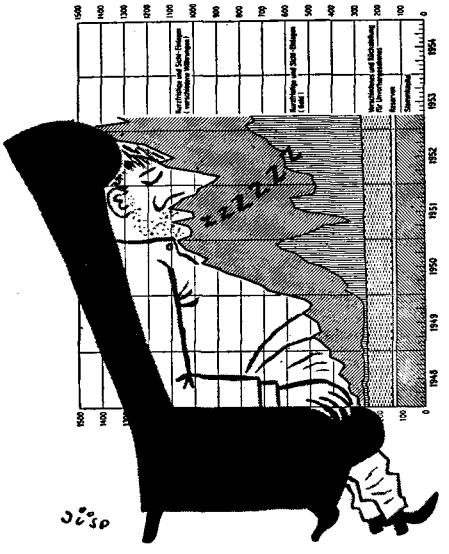
Finally, experience in both the 1930's and 1940's indicates that now, once the economy is effectively launched on a course of behavior, it tends to persist in that behavior. The Great Depression lasted a long, long while. In doing so it confounded all who anticipated recovery around the corner. The postwar expansion was also unexpectedly durable. There is at least a warning from this experience that the present stagnation may not liquidate itself automatically and all at once.

This is not a prediction of continuing stagnation. I would like to avoid making any predictions, for forecasting is an insecure, uncertain, and vastly underpaid profession. All that is at issue is the Administration's total optimism as a practical working assumption. Would it not be better and safer, and also more conservative, to assume that 1955 will be like 1954—not bad but not good enough? Perhaps it would be enough were the Administration guided by its own fears. During the past year top Administration officials talked hopefully about high and rising employment, but no one can doubt that unemployment was what dominated their secret thoughts and fears. This uneasiness was back of the numerous predictions of an imminent upturn, for in our time there is a widespread belief that the future is what you say it will be.

You Have to Keep Moving

If the possibility of continued stagnation—or of a new setback—is kept open, then fiscal policy for the coming year would be reconsidered. As matters now stand, the Administration has budgeted for an essentially neutral fiscal policy in the fiscal year beginning next July 1. It has asked that reductions in the corporation income taxes and in excise taxes on gasoline, liquor, tobacco, and motor cars that are due to go into effect on April 1 be postponed. While the resulting revenue leaves a deficit in the regular budget of $2.4 billion when net Social Security receipts are included, total collections are expected to be approximately equal to outlays.

If the possibility of stagnation is



accepted—and assuming the Administration sets store by its claim to being dynamic and progressive—then the budget should exert an expansionist effect. This would call for adjustments both in expenditures as now planned and also in taxes.

In the present budget the Administration takes for granted the need to hold the tightest possible rein on expenditures. If expansion is sought, this would be a good time to get ahead with needed public works and improvements. (I am taking for granted that national security is independently determined on grounds of need.) There should be no frantic expansion in Federal activity. It is important that we all be ready to accept curtailment if signs of inflation appear. But in health and educational facilities, urban redevelopment and provision of low-cost housing, roads, and recreational facilities we have an exceptionally large backlog of needed spending. The Administration to the contrary, this would seem to be a good time to get started on it.

The corporation income tax at its present basic level of fifty-two per cent is very high. It might be a good idea to think of fifty per cent as a firm ceiling for this levy. However, the Administration is wise in requesting that corporation and excise taxes be kept at their present levels, because they are the wrong taxes to reduce now. If there is to be a tax reduction this year it should obviously be one that will exert the maximum expansionist effect on the economy. Corporate earnings after taxes are now very good; the recent behavior of the stock market does not suggest that the economy needs further stimulation in this area. On the contrary, a reduction in corporate taxes might give an untimely boost to securities speculation.

A more efficient and, at the moment, a much safer way to promote economic expansion is to encourage consumer spending. The best way of achieving this is to reduce the personal income tax. And the best kind of reduction in this tax is through an increase in exemptions. This gives the maximum of tax relief to the people in the lower-income brackets who are most certain to spend what they get. In accordance with what must be called the trickle-up theory of income distribution (a somewhat earlier phrasing was "Whoever hath, to him shall be given"), people in the higher income brackets will derive considerably greater ultimate benefit from the re-

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sulting higher level of production and hence of dividends, commissions, bonuses, and salaries.

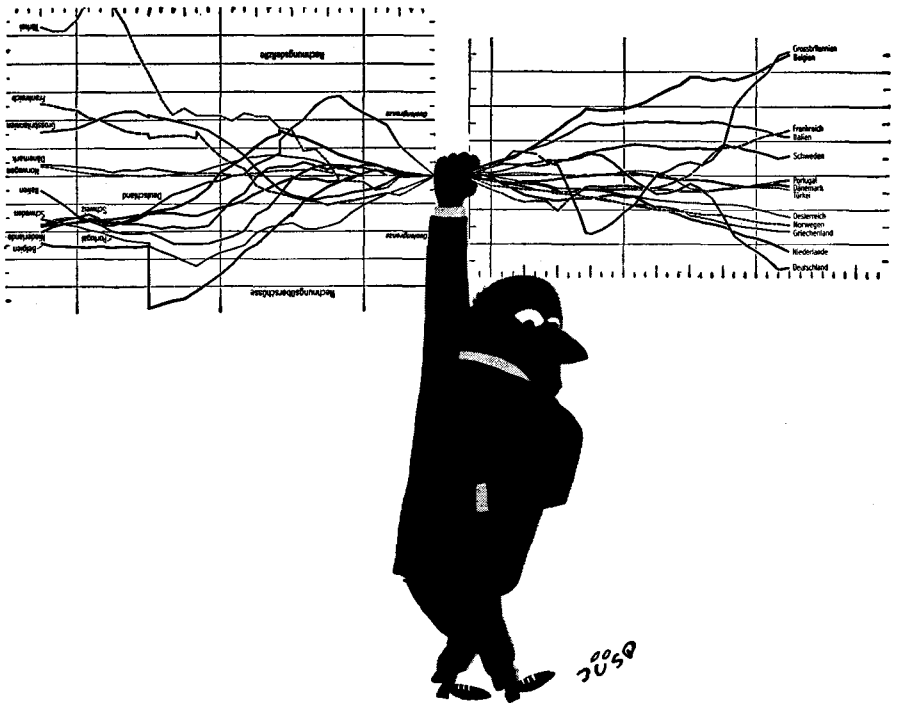
A decision on cutting taxes need not be made at once. If between now and May or June the economy gets stronger and stronger, as the Administration predicts, then there should be no tax reductions of any kind. If this happens, the budget will soon come to show a cash surplus. This surplus should be cherished in the best tradition of William McKinley, and it should be applied to the national debt. If by next May or June there is still perceptible slack in the economy—if three or four millions are unemployed—then an increase in personal tax exemptions would be equally sound policy.

The whole policy here outlined means budgeting for a larger deficit than at present—a slightly larger deficit if only needed spending is increased, but a substantially larger one if unemployment persists and exemptions are raised. However, we should be clear as to the ultimate effect of this policy. The real enemy of a balanced budget in the United States—as we are learning this year as so often before—is insufficient production. The measures here proposed are for the purpose of bringing the economy back to full production. The larger earnings and the larger revenues which result will—if past experience is a guide—bring us closer to balance than a policy that allows of continuing stagnation.

Hide and Seek with the Debt

The unfortunate aversion to bad news, which is so noticeable in the Administration's approach to the economic outlook, is also sufficiently evident in other directions to call for a word. Thus the Administration obviously finds debt unpleasant—almost as unpleasant as the threat of recession. Its answer, similarly, is to pretend that it does not exist.

This is not as hard as it seems. With a little ingenuity, direct liabilities of the Federal government can be translated into indirect, insured, or contingent liabilities although they remain liabilities nonetheless. Private individuals can build and own post offices—a recent device—and the mortgages do not appear on the Federal balance sheet. But the long-term lease which covers the interest and amortization costs of the private landlord are just as much a liability of the government as the debt which, in old-fashioned times, was incurred to construct such facilities. The same principle applies to loans by the Community Credit Corporation, which have been moved out to private banks, although they are effectively underwritten by the Federal government. It applies to a variety of other guarantees. As this is written, a particularly elaborate financial hocus-pocus is being discussed that will finance new highways without seeming to add to the regular debt.



The common purpose of these arrangements is to keep the debt out of sight. This avoids collision with the debt limit. Also, it is evident that the anxieties of both the public and the Administration over the size of the debt are substantially mitigated by keeping it invisible. A good housekeeper doesn't like dust under the rug. But she infinitely prefers it to dust on the dinner table.

The disadvantages of this crypto- as distinct from card-carrying debt are several. We are grown up. Presumably we can shoulder our debt like men. The cost of these subterfuges may be substantial. It would be most surprising indeed if the Post Office were not paying more for its leases than it would in interest on money borrowed by the government. There are similar added costs with the other devices.

Most serious, there is a tendency, already evident, to favor government activities for which the debt can be kept out of the budget. There is a grave danger that highway construction under the new plan will get a special priority over health, education, or other outlays simply because it has its own financing plan attached to it. The earmarking of revenues is also objectionable. It unnecessarily complicates the whole Federal housekeeping in the interest only of expensive and elaborate self-deception. If we must fool ourselves, we should do it in a simple, uncomplicated, and economical way.

In the past, Congress has been rather austere in its approach to fiscal gadgetry. It has been, in my view, too reluctant to accept a cash budget—one that covers all income and outgo, including Social Security collections and payments. In the 1930's, an effort by President Roosevelt to promote a capital budget—with borrowing confined to capital outlays—met a hostile reception. Such double budgeting was attacked as a device to show balance where there wasn't any, to conceal a deficit where there was one. On this the Congress was probably right. The capital budget confused at least as much as it clarified. Congressmen should look with at least equal sus-

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picion on the present practice of concealing the debt outside the budget.

Old-fashioned Efficiency

This effort to get the debt out of government hands is part of a larger tendency in the Administration that would seem to justify some reflection. We should expect a business administration to be singularly immune to ideology. Romance would not play a part in decisions where the result is costly to the taxpayer. Instead, cold-blooded efficiency—getting the most for the least—would be the overriding consideration.

In fact, ideology appears to play a disturbingly large role in current decisions. This is true even when it is expensive. The turning over of CCC loans to banks and Federal buildings to private landlords is in pursuit of the conviction that private enterprise is preferable whatever the price. Ideology has been given absolute precedence over efficiency. There are other manifestations. State, local, or private resource development is held to be preferable even though the public cost is higher or the benefit is less. There is, one hears, the case of Dixon-Yates.

Not long ago the Director of the Budget, a man who should be associated in the popular mind with public parsimony, told all Federal agencies that they must survey themselves and report on the things they are now doing for themselves that they could buy. Even success in supplying themselves more cheaply apparently is not decisive. They must imagine and allow for the added costs they might have if they were private firms. No one suggests that the taxpayer now has to pay these imagined costs.

According to an old and valued rule the government should not do anything that private enterprise can do better and (by ordinary, non-hypothetical accounting) for less money. Socialists have been given very bad marks for letting ideology override efficiency and insisting willy-nilly on government enterprise. But government should also—and without concealment or embarrassment as though it were obscene—do the things *it* can do best and most cheaply. The old-fashioned rule on these matters was to let efficiency be the guide. It was a good rule.

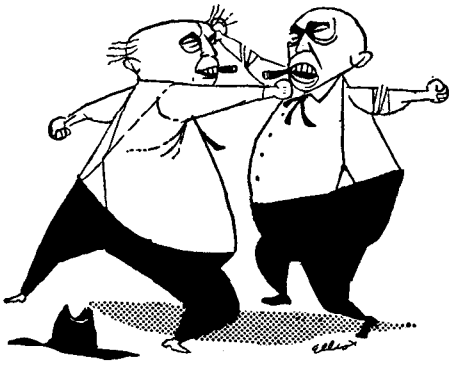
At Home & Abroad

The Wide-open Town On the Chattahoochee

DOUGLASS CATER

A few minutes after nine on the evening of last June 18, Albert L. Patterson, a Phenix City lawyer declared winner of Alabama's Democratic primary for the attorney generalship a few days earlier, left his office at the Coulter Building in his home town, climbed into his car parked in an alley alongside, and was shot to death.

The manhunt began. Foremost among the hunters were Albert Fuller, chief deputy sheriff of Russell County, in which Phenix City is located; Circuit Solicitor Arch Ferrell; and the outgoing attorney general, Silas Comer Garrett, who came over from Montgomery to participate in the investigation. Last December these same three officials—Fuller, Ferrell, and Garrett—were indicted for the murder.



Patterson's Premonition

Patterson had run in the Democratic primary of last May on a platform dedicated to the clean-up of crime and vice in all Alabama—and most particularly in his home city, long notorious for both. He had won a plurality of seventy thousand votes over his opponents. Since he lacked a clear majority, however, there had to be a runoff in June.

According to evidence since produced, the gamblers of wide-open Phenix City (population 24,000) were engaged in a frantic effort to promote Patterson's rival, Lee ("Red") Porter of Gadsden. It has been estimated that over $200,000, an all-time high for such a contest, was rushed to Porter's assistance, helping finance, ironically, an appeal to voters to repudiate Patterson on the ground that he was a tool of the Phenix City gamblers. Porter has since been indicted for allegedly failing to list a $22,000 contribution from one gambler alone.

Attorney General Garrett was also making an undercover but powerful pitch on behalf of Patterson's opponent. He dashed around the state at the taxpayers' expense, pre-empted the time of some of his subordinates for campaign purposes, and ran up a long-distance bill of nearly $900 on a single telephone.

In the runoff Patterson's lead was cut to a mere 1,404 votes. Garrett and his close friend Arch Ferrell are now under indictment for vote fraud. The chairman of the Jefferson County Democratic Executive Committee, also under indictment, has testified that he left the certified tabulations of his boxes unguarded for a short time in a room with these two men. When the official results were published, a Birmingham newspaperman noticed a discrepancy. Close examination of the lists showed that small marks had been added changing 1's into 7's and 0's to 6's. Candidate Porter's score had been boosted by six hundred votes in this one county.

A Birmingham grand jury in session at the time began a probe. On the morning of the fatal June 18, Attorney General-elect Patterson agreed to come to Birmingham three days

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later and testify before it. He knew that his life was in danger. Only the night before, he had told a Methodist men's club in Phenix City that the odds were something like 100-1 that he would not be alive to take office in January.

The Deputy Sheriff

To prove the murder charges against the chief deputy sheriff, the solicitor, and the former attorney general, the state will be obliged to trace a web enmeshing a strangely assorted trio. Albert Fuller, thirty-five, grew up in a little country crossroads community a few miles from Phenix City, where he was known as the local fat boy. Fuller started work as a jailer and later moved up to deputy sheriff. In the Second World War he joined the Navy and served in Texas in the shore patrol. When he returned, he was no longer the mild-mannered fat boy. He wore Texas boots, carried two guns, and affected a tough, swaggering manner. An excellent marksman, he quickly developed a reputation as a killer, but in the line of duty. He disposed of one victim with a neat row of bullet holes running in a straight line from the forehead to the belt buckle. Another, tracked down in a cemetery, was left literally riddled. On both occasions, a witness was able to testify that Fuller had been obliged to shoot in self-defense. (The state, unable to locate the Patterson murder weapon, exhumed the two victims in order to compare the bullets left in them with those found in the attorney general-elect.)

Fuller became a prominent and feared law-enforcement official in Phenix City. Last November, he was convicted of taking payoffs ranging from $600 to $1,300 a week from one Phenix City house of prostitution alone. The house's books showed that he collected thirty per cent of the operator's share and ten per cent from each girl's personal earnings. In return, the house bought immunity from police raids as well as from undue competition by houses and private entrepreneurs who failed to buy similar protection. This and other evidence indicated that the county sheriff's office rather than the city police department was the seat of police power in Phenix City and that Chief Deputy Fuller,

rather than the genial sheriff, Ralph Matthews, was the occupant of that seat.

The Circuit Solicitor

Circuit Solicitor Arch Ferrell, a lean, hard man of thirty-seven, comes from a fairly prosperous family in the vicinity. He attended the University of Alabama Law School, where classmates remember him as both smart and fairly popular. During the Second World War he rose from the ranks to become a captain in the famous 1st Infantry Division and afterward achieved further distinction by getting elected state commander of the American Legion. In 1947, he was appointed circuit solicitor, a post newly created, it so happened, by an Act sponsored by then State Senator Albert Patterson. Later on, Ferrell used to refer to Phenix City, with wry humor, as "one of the cleanest little towns in America."

Ferrell, like Fuller and Garrett, has steadfastly denied any connection with the killing. "I'm tough and mean; nobody knows that better than I. I'm not a religious fellow, never have been, but this thing is making me wish I were," he declared gloomily when a reporter raised the question a few days afterward. "But no matter what anybody says, I didn't kill Patterson. I just couldn't kill a man."

The Attorney General

The erstwhile attorney general, Silas Comer Garrett, is charged with first-degree murder along with the other two although it has been established that at the time the shots were fired he was in a Birmingham hotel room over a hundred miles away. His indictment as a principal rather than an accessory would indicate that the state plans to demonstrate a criminal conspiracy involving premeditation.

Garrett is forty-one, a stocky, rather handsome man who has grown fleshy in recent years. Son of a probate judge, he made a brilliant record at the University of Alabama Law School, going directly from there in 1935 to be an assistant in the attorney general's office. Over the years he participated in state politics and was thought to be shrewd and rather tough, but loyally devoted to his friends. He stood among the more liberal Democrats as opposed to the States' Righters. In 1950, having served as a career assistant for fifteen years, he made his bid for the post of attorney general. To his surprise and considerable chagrin, according to associates, he barely edged out the comparatively unknown Lee Porter, the candidate whom he was to support four years later. Garrett had won his first elective office but by a margin that raised serious doubts about any higher aspirations.

His colleagues have since reported that starting about that time he became subject to fits of depression. He lost interest in his work, staying away from the office for days at a time. Then he would rush in with an almost fanatic urge to get things done. He became a heavy drinker. After promising his family he would touch no more whiskey, he switched

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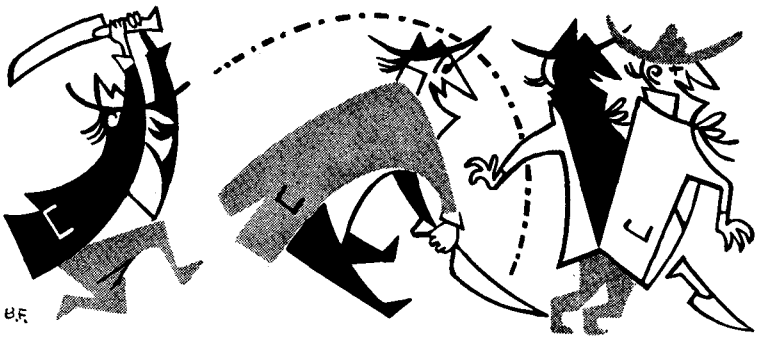

to burgundy, which he consumed in prodigious quantities during drinking bouts.

At times Garrett would rant and rave at the slightest opposition from associates. Several times he was obliged to go off to clinics for treatment, once for several weeks' stay at a mental hospital in Galveston, Texas. As late as last July, when Garrett was under indictment for vote fraud and had returned to the Texas mental institution, Governor Gordon Persons professed himself helpless to strip him of his authority. Fortunately, the sick man did not try to use his authority to frustrate the state's case against himself and the others.

The Night in Columbus

Bob Ingram of the Montgomery *Advertiser* has recently reported the details of an evening he and another reporter spent in a Columbus, Georgia, hotel room with Garrett, Ferrell, and two assistants just three nights after the murder last June. The attorney general briefed them on a fantastic plan to search everyone in Phenix City just across the Chattahoochee River the following day in an attempt to locate the weapon. He ruined whatever chances of success the plan might have had when he gave permission to announce it in the morning papers.

That same evening, the question of Ferrell's guilt was first raised by a rather brash newspaperman, provoking the reply from Ferrell mentioned earlier. Garrett's own response was considerably more interesting. He pulled a crumpled paper from his briefcase and read what he claimed was a telephone record indicating that on the night of the murder a long-distance call had been placed from Ferrell's office to Garrett's hotel room in Birmingham lasting from 8:56 to 8:59. A second call to an adjoining room, where Garrett could hear better, had been placed two minutes later and lasted until 9:17 P.M. The murder had been fixed at approximately 9:07 P.M. "That's Arch's alibi, and I'd like to see anybody pin the murder rap on him," Garrett concluded emphatically.

For the astounded reporters this was the first clue that the attorney general, springing this neat alibi for Ferrell, might somehow be caught up in the thing himself. Ingram records that Ferrell, who had had a few drinks at the time, listened to Garrett with as much interest as the rest. Later in the evening, Ferrell passed out and was put to bed while Garrett, who had been drinking nothing but carbonated water, embarked on a 3 A.M. tour of Phenix City, rousing various gamblers for "questioning."

So far as is known, Ferrell on this particular evening and on a later one when he was thrown in jail overnight for public drunkenness never said anything indicating he had killed Patterson or knew who did. He did, however, display a maudlin affection for Garrett, the man who had produced the telephone record. "Si Garrett is a great man," he declared tearfully. "I love him and would do anything for him."

IT SHOULD be reported that a number of those who have known Garrett intimately, while conceding that his disturbed mental condition might lead to his getting mixed up in fraud, refuse to believe he participated in a murder until they see convincing evidence.

All this may remain speculative for some time, since Garrett continues to be confined in the Texas mental institution. One unanswered question, which may never be answered satisfactorily, is whether Garrett was personally involved in the corruption of Phenix City.

The Sweepers

In Phenix City the sound of those pistol shots on that hot June night had a dramatic effect. By midnight, some five hundred gamblers, stickmen, B-girls, and prostitutes were voluntary refugees on the highways leading out of town. They knew there would be trouble.

By the end of June, Garrett having retreated to his Texas asylum, his chief assistant, Barnard F. Sykes, transferred almost the whole of the attorney general's office to the vicinity for a full-dress investigation. Governor Persons ordered the Alabama National Guard to take over all police functions and assist in the collection of evidence. Judge Walter B. Jones, one of the most distinguished jurists in the state, was sent to preside at trials and the capable Solicitor George C. Johnson of Athens, Alabama, came in to supersede Ferrell. New jury commissioners were appointed. Between July and December, when the grand jury finally suspended operations, 749 indictments had been returned against 152 persons.

The majority pleaded guilty; of the thirty who went to trial only one was acquitted. The prosecutors dug back five years to indict a man for murder and convicted him because there were still eyewitnesses to the crime. A taxi driver was convicted of manslaughter occurring three years earlier because the state toxicologist had found conclusive evidence at the time of the victim's hairs on the cab's bumper. Solicitor Ferrell had failed to prosecute either of these cases.

The new grand jury turned up evidence that the previous grand-jury foreman himself owned gambling machines in violation of state law. It had been this grand jury, incidentally, which denied the existence of gambling in Phenix City.

The Town with Everything

The new grand jury pieced together a story that shocked even Phenix City inhabitants. It seemed that their town had become a Southeastern

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clearinghouse for crime and vice of every variety. There was, of course, gambling, consisting mainly of lotteries, bolita, horse-racing machines, and regular slot machines. Several "layoff" men with resources large enough to cover other gamblers as far off as Tallahassee and Panama City, Florida, resided there. Its prostitutes and B-girls worked a regular circuit, hitting town in time for the weekend following payday at nearby Fort Benning. The town had become a central distribution point for narcotics peddlers, who specialized in the milder barbiturates known to addicts as "yellowjackets," "redbirds," and "goofballs." It could boast a manufacturer of crooked gambling equipment and a school for safecracking. One of the distinguished alumni, a gentle professorial type by the name of Johnny Benefield, had a wide reputation for his ability. Even the late-model interlocking safe was as easy for Johnny to crack as a paper-shell pecan. Finally, there was a Phenix City black market in babies.

The Fort Benning dollar was the primary object for which all this vice was congregated. Symptomatic of the soldiers' loneliness was the sordid display of wares. Here were no plush hotels, high-priced entertainment, or excellent cuisine. Roadside honky-tonks with a few sad strip-teasers were all the "glamour" offered. Robberies and rollings were commonplace. There was nothing swank about sin in Phenix City.

Shepherd and Matthews

But some managed to live in a swank way off the gambling proceeds. Two of the kingpins, Hoyt Shepherd and Jimmy Matthews, are reputed to be millionaires. Shepherd, a genial fellow with what is known as a "country-boy" personality, grew up in the vicinity and started work as a ten-cent-an-hour cotton-mill hand. Matthews, English-born and polished, came to the South while still young, working as a newsboy in Columbus. It was allegedly Matthews, the more conservative, who persuaded Shepherd that they should set up the "straight game" with the house getting a fixed percentage of the take. When their showdown with the law came, the grand jury was able to charge them only with leasing property used for gambling purposes. Each got a three-month prison sentence.

In a freak sideshow to the main event it was revealed just how enterprising they really had been. A mysterious "Mister X," thought to be a telephone-company employee, turned over to the prosecution more than two hundred discs of wiretap recordings made on gambler Shepherd's telephone line up to 1948. Since the statute of limitations had run out on the evidence revealed, this fascinating documentary was never used in court. It left no doubt, however, about the bold manner in which Shepherd and Matthews operated.

There was one unusually interesting conversation in which a grand-jury foreman discussed strategy with Shepherd for keeping jury members in line, making a name check of each to note those "for us" and those "no good for us." The obliging foreman assured Shepherd there would be no embarrassing investigations by his jury because "I can talk faster than they can think."

The Citizens

How could a town know so little about itself that its citizens should

be surprised by these exposures? A primary reason probably was that the real estate of sin was so unimpressive. The honky-tonks, mainly one- and two-storied brick or cinder-block structures, were either crowded close to the two Chattahoochee River bridges or else were scattered along outlying highways. They seemed hardly large enough or numerous enough to encompass much activity. On weekend nights the neon-lighted "Chad's Rose Room," "Club Hillbilly," "Bridge Grocery," and others may have created a carnival spectacle for the passer-by. But in the daytime, when most respectable citizens saw them, they were shabby and unimpressive.

The typical honest wage earner living in Phenix City works in Columbus, reads a Columbus newspaper, and finds much of his time and attention focused over there. He knew that these honky-tonks existed primarily for the soldiers of nearby Fort Benning, and knew further that the political life of his community was controlled by a machine. Beyond that he could be and usually was fairly ignorant. He frequently fell victim to fiendishly clever rumor mongering which managed to sully the reputation of anyone who tried to clean up the mess.

THE DISCOURAGING THING about Phenix City is that it has no proud traditions its citizens can hark back to. Founded in the early 1830's mainly by people who had reason to get out of Georgia, it actually bore the name "Sodom" for a number of years, and consisted, according to a history of the times, of "a conglomerated mixture of gambler, black-leg, murderer, thief, and drunkard, all of whom, mingling together indiscriminately, produced a moral odor. . . ." Here was fought the very last battle of the Civil War—the city has never got round to building a proposed memorial—and here, legend has it, remained some of the less worthy Union troops.

Many a town has overcome worse beginnings. Few if any of its present inhabitants trace their ancestry back to these picturesque founders. Why then has such a perverse fate dogged Phenix City?

There are some who blame the Chattahoochee River, a muddy stream made famous by Sidney Lanier, which brought trade and commerce to its east bank but very little of any value to its west. Others blame a conspiracy of the Columbus merchants and present fairly convincing evidence that by franchise and monopoly practices these greedy ones have not permitted a single hotel or new-car dealer and very few distributors of standard-brand products to

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set up business in Phenix City. And, of course, they blame Fort Benning, "Home of the Infantry," whose soldiers shuttle through the more straitlaced Columbus to the town across the river.

Sheriffs vs. Police

Whatever the initial cause, Phenix City has found itself caught in a vicious circle, susceptible to corruption because of its lack of legitimate commerce and unable to attract commerce because of its corruption. Two notable clean-ups were imposed from the outside in 1917 and 1928, but the city always returned to its former ways with added variations. In 1934, according to local historians, the organized-gambling era began. In 1950, after the death of long-time Mayor Homer D. Cobb, who was prudish about some things, widespread prostitution began. Toward the end of the Second World War, with the tremendous economic stimulus provided by the fort, organized vice and organized politics in Phenix City had become inseparable.

Had Phenix City achieved a deadly equilibrium in corruption before Patterson's murder shook it so violently? It is difficult to say. There had indeed been some faint symptoms of disintegration among the forces of evil. Mayor Cobb's death in 1950 apparently left a vacuum in effective leadership able to reconcile the rival gambling interests. A growing hostility sprang up between the sheriff's office and the city police department which was reflected in retaliatory raids on illegal establishments enjoying the protection of the one or the other. Once a pitched battle nearly erupted between policemen and deputies.

The Reformers

There had been hope, too, in the rising forces of reform, though not nearly enough hope on which to base solid expectations. But Phenix City could produce someone like Hugh Bentley, a slow-speaking, courageous man who grew up in the area near the bridges and who was accustomed to robbers and bootleggers as neighbors and bloodshed as a regular occurrence. Bentley's father, a small merchant, sold to the racketeers, and provided bail for them when they were in trouble. His mother, a deeply religious woman, finally separated from her husband, moving her children a few blocks away so they would not form bad associations. Like her, Hugh Bentley always despised the corruption, but he said little about it until in 1945 a number of minor provocations combined with a personal challenge from his minister set him on the crusader's course.

The failures of the first reform movements reveal how colossally discouraging such a course can be. So many of the so-called responsible community leaders were found wanting one way or another. The aspiring politician, dedicated to the art of the possible, found that in Phenix City compromise meant sharing in corruption. The lawyer, often retained even if not owned outright by the corrupt interests, felt constrained to speak in muted tones. Albert L. Patterson himself had faced this dilemma in earlier years. He had been one of a number hired to defend Hoyt Shepherd in 1946 against a murder charge, and later he represented a local racketeer fighting extradition proceedings. But in 1948 this stubborn, rather arrogant man dedicated himself to reform and there is no evidence that he ever swerved from that course until the time of his death.

THE BUSINESSMAN was sadly vulnerable to intimidation from the local machine. The head of one of the three local industries considered at one time joining the reform forces in a suit against the mayor. It was pointed out to him by a delegate from the mayor that his trucks might

be found overweight for local bridges, his gas rates raised, and his Negro employees arrested on trumped-up charges. Even ministers were not immune from the threats of the bosses.

Thus the reform groups were effectively stymied by the age-old principle of divide and conquer. Bentley in 1951 responded by forming an organization, the Russell [County] Betterment Association, whose membership would be open to anyone but whose direction was solely in the hands of ten dedicated men. Bentley, by this time a prosperous store owner in Columbus, got among his codirectors a construction superintendent, a telephone dispatcher, a furniture salesman, and a newspaper circulation manager. Each disavowed any personal political ambition. The R.B.A. was to be nonpolitical except in its ambition for a better political community, and uncompromising in its determination to break up the rackets. It would never bargain or trade for short-term gain. It would be totally scrupulous. "If you are my brother and you have violated the law, you go to jail."

Unlike the other reform movements, the R.B.A. held together. In 1952, its members carried impeachment charges against the sheriff all the way to the state supreme court but were unsuccessful. They took petitions to the governor and other high state officials but were treated with indifference. Once one of these officials asked Bentley irritably, "If you don't like it in Alabama, why don't you move somewhere else?" Bentley replied that he would leave gladly if it were not for those who had pledged their cause with his. Bentley's home was bombed; he and another R.B.A. member were badly beaten. At the time of Patterson's death last June, R.B.A. had accomplished little of a concrete nature. But a good many officials in the state capital of Montgomery realized belatedly that Bentley and his colleagues had not been idle alarmists.

WHEN THE STATE finally moved its law-enforcement forces into Phenix City it found other courageous men like Hugh Bentley: Charles Gunter, a quiet, soft-spoken insurance man, took a job as jury commissioner and worked fearlessly

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to purge the racketeers from the jury lists. Floyd Tillery, the small, white-haired owner of the Phenix Foundry, served as foreman of the grand jury, moving a cot into the jury room so that he could serve the long hours despite bad health. John Patterson, the thirty-two-year-old son of the murdered man, announced for the vacated attorney-general post and won without a contest. He has vowed to carry out the mission his father had set. The lives of all these men have been threatened as recently as this January, but they show no signs of wavering.

The Test

Will Phenix City stay clean? It has a new mayor and a totally new police department. The county courthouse has been largely overhauled except for the circuit judge, whose term runs another two years. Its newly elected state senator and representatives are pledged to the clean-up. James Folsom, the rather unpredictable governor who is returning for a second term after a four-year absence, has promised that he will pay strict heed to the needs of Phenix City. (Folsom had appointed Arch Ferrell solicitor in 1947.) It is expected that the Federal agents will begin to crack down on the tax evasions of the gamblers.

But there are notable cynics, including Jimmy Putnam, the long-time city clerk. He points out that there have been other crusades before and they have come to nothing. Let the people begin to feel the pinch of the garbage-collection tax and the automobile-registration fee, newly levied assessments to make up for lost gambling revenues, and they will throw this reform gang right out, says Putnam. However, the R.B.A. women's auxiliary marched resolutely down to city hall and demanded that Putnam himself be thrown out. Putnam has announced his resignation.

LAST MONTH the National Guard troops were pulled out. Phenix City is depending once again on its own resources. The soldier's dollar, now that the town is once more on limits to Fort Benning personnel, again beckons from across the Chattahoochee. Clearly there is a tough time of testing ahead.

'Partnership' Vs. the Public Interest

SENATOR RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

"PARTNERSHIP" has become one of the most honored words in the lexicon of the Eisenhower Administration. It peppers the President's recent budget message wherever natural resources are discussed. Indeed, neither the President nor Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay can refer to the vast river systems of America without dwelling reverentially on the term "partnership."

The people are told that under partnership they are to enjoy an infinitely more wholesome management of the country's water, timber, and public lands than under Federal operation in the past.

"This budget," declared the President of his financial plans for the fiscal year 1956, "proposes the start of several new construction projects under such partnership arrangements. Thus, we are continuing to develop our natural resources at less cost to the Federal government."

Yet, although the President and his aides talked frequently and fondly of partnership in general, rarely do Administration leaders spell out precisely what they actually mean by partnership. For this, we must turn not to speeches and budget messages but to the proposed legislation through which partnership would be put into effect. Upon studying one of these bills, one discovers quite a contrasting prospect to the idyllic descriptions given by the President.

IN THE COLD, terse lines of a printed Senate bill, partnership becomes simply a disposal of resources. The American people would be committed not only to parting with some of the most valuable hydroelectric-power sites in the world but also to appropriating public funds so that these sites can be exploited for private interests. Far from developing natural resources at the "less cost to the Federal government" boasted of by the President, partnership over the years will deny to the Treasury hundreds of millions of dollars that might otherwise go toward reducing the national debt, which so worries many of the President's followers.

This is perhaps the most startling

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aspect of partnership. In the name of fiscal responsibility, the public would be deprived of the income-producing features of Federal projects that have been paying for themselves at a much more rapid rate than even their most enthusiastic sponsors ever dared to predict. When he spoke out for partnership in Oregon last year under the aegis of the Republican National Committee, Secretary of the Interior McKay cited the need for safeguarding the country's exchequer. He did not mention that power receipts are pouring into that exchequer from many of the same Federal projects partnership would displace.

THE KEY partnership bill drafted to date calls for development of the John Day power site on the Columbia River, where the mightiest of America's hydroelectric streams forms the boundary between Oregon and Washington. This measure, introduced near the close of the Eighty-third Congress with the approval of both the Bureau of the Budget and the Department of the Interior, calls for a dam to cost approximately $320 million. The government would contribute $156 million of this sum, and the remaining $164 million would come from what the President refers to as "non-Federal interests," meaning in this particular instance the Portland General Electric Company. Mr. McKay had originally announced that the state Grange and farmers' rural electric co-operatives might join with the power company as "non-Federal interests," but these organizations later denounced the proposed partnership in strong terms. The co-ops said that it could mean the doom of public power in the Northwest.

Under the partnership bill, the government gets as its share of the project the fish ladders, the navigation locks, and the flood-control gates along the spillway. These are facilities that the President regards as involving "a national interest," a description he evidently does not apply to water power. Kilowatts being thus less important than chutes for salmon or locks for stern-wheelers, the "non-Federal interests" receive as their portion of the dam the energy produced in the powerhouse for a period of at least fifty years.

Up to this point partnership may seem a sound venture for the government. The great dam gets built and the Treasury has to put up only about forty-nine per cent of the funds, as compared with the hundred per cent required of the Federal government in the era of New Deal spending, when Bonneville and Grand Coulee rose above bedrock in the Columbia River.

Mr. McKay, Meet Mr. McKay

During a nation-wide TV program Secretary McKay, a former governor of Oregon and Chevrolet dealer, blurted out: "I don't think it's right to subsidize power out in my country—for instance, in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho . . ."

If the Secretary is correct in his contention that the government is losing money on the kilowatts generated in the Northwest, then altruistic utility companies are merely sparing the government a fiscal headache in offering to take over the powerhouses. What could be finer for the public? Partnership becomes a generous gesture on the part of Electric Bond & Share and its brethren.

But the truth seems to be that Mr. McKay, like so many other administrators in the capital, has failed to read material to which his own name is signed. In appraising the bank balance of the Bonneville Power Administration, the 1953 annual report of the Secretary of the Interior noted

that "The repayment is substantially in excess of scheduled requirements."

Behind this formal language lurks one of the most profitable financial records of any Federal agency in the land. A total of $128,549,822 has been invested, for example, in construction costs, operating expenses, and interest in the majestic dam at Bonneville, where the Columbia River surges through the Cascade Mountains. Up to June 30, 1954, $48,825,958 had been put back into the Treasury, through the sale of Bonneville current—and Bonneville Dam has been in full operation only since 1943. How many other undertakings, public or private, are more than thirty-five per cent paid for after so brief a period? Even allowing for the decreased value of the dollar, the return would seem to look pretty good.

UNDER THE John Day partnership bill, the government will be paid back by the utility corporation only the funds invested in the power-plant section of the dam, plus the cost of transmission and maintenance. Yet the all-Federal system of operation now in effect at Bonneville and Grand Coulee will probably return to the Treasury many times the total value of both projects.

In fact, the Bonneville Power Administration, which markets at wholesale the energy from all government dams on the Columbia and its swift tributaries, has collected $340,565,589 in gross income out of hydroelectric-power receipts. Approximately half of this, $170,409,916, has gone to repay the original investment in hydroelectric facilities. The other half has been applied on interest and operating expenses.

Although some of the present advocates of partnership once prophesied that the Federal dams in the Northwest would never find a market for their juice, the demand for kilowatts extends from tidewater to the Canadian boundary. Of the $221,462,229 spent on the generating features of vast Grand Coulee Dam, the largest edifice ever reared by mankind, $51,031,697 already has been repaid to the Treasury. Yet Grand Coulee has not been in full operation even as long as Bonneville. Its complete quota of turbines dates only from 1951.

By any test, these dams have been enormously profitable for the government. To begin with, they probably would have had to be built anyway, to serve other purposes. Grand Coulee is wresting from the high desert fifteen thousand irrigated homesteads, many of them settled by ex-G.I.s. Peach orchards and alfalfa fields have driven back the tumbleweed and sagebrush. And Bonneville's locks and lake have increased

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navigation on the upper Columbia River from 85,715 tons of cargo in 1933 to 1,343,575 tons in 1953. This water competition, in turn, has held down rail and truck freight rates.

The income from power at the dams has been a bonus. Irrigation and navigation were the first reasons for the projects. Yet it is probable that this income may pay for Bonneville and Grand Coulee many times over before steel girders and concrete bastions yield at last to the erosion of wind, weather, and the surging river.

The Silent Partner

The partnership proposed by the Eisenhower Administration would end this favorable arrangement. By putting up only about half the cost of a dam, a private-utility combine would be able to monopolize the revenues. At the same time, the government would continue to be saddled with the apparatus that returns no cash dividends—locks and fish ladders.

The most appropriate comparison would be that of two men forming a partnership to build a department store. Each man chips in approximately half the cost. When the store is completed, one partner gets the revolving doors and escalators and fire escapes; the other partner gets the sales counters. That is essentially the division proposed by the Administration between the government and "non-Federal interests" at dam sites along the Columbia River.

Although the opponents of partnership are occasionally denounced as socialists and radicals, it is significant that the national Administration itself favors some Federal dams. The President has urged Congress to authorize the prodigious Upper Colorado project at an ultimate cost of $1 billion. Curiously enough, this is not proposed as a partnership. One might ask why partnership is good for dam sites on the Columbia but undesirable for dam sites dotting the Colorado and its silty feeder streams.

The answer is simple. The Columbia is the greatest power waterway in North America. More than forty per cent of this nation's latent hydroelectricity lies within its swift, cold reaches. Power has been produced more cheaply along the Columbia than anywhere else in the

United States. The Bonneville administration's wholesale rate of two mills a kilowatt-hour has resulted in the moving of nearly half our national aluminum production to this region, although not a single ounce of aluminum was smelted in the Pacific Northwest before 1940. Utility companies that could get the government to underwrite their tapping of the immense power potential of the Columbia would be waist-high in clover.

THE Upper Colorado project is something else again. In this realm of light rainfall, many of the rivers are shallow and unreliable in flow. Furthermore, conservation groups are militantly opposed to the Echo Park Dam, which would flood out the famous Dinosaur National Monument. Power in the Upper Colorado is high-cost power contrasted with that on the Columbia. Transmission distances are measured by horizons rather than miles. Industrial locations are few and far between. No utility corporation covets these sites. Accordingly, partnership proposals have not come close enough to the Upper Colorado project even to communicate with it by smoke signals.

This is one of the strangest phases of partnership. Evidently it represents no fervent ideological goal of the Administration, to be fought for through thick and thin. It is simply a question of dollars and cents—for the power companies. Where the power site is a choice one, the Administration advocates partnership with the utilities. Where the kilowatts are likely to be hard to peddle at feasible rates, the government will go ahead with a "socialistic" Federal dam. This is an odd course for an Administration dedicated to fiscal solvency. The sites that are potentially profitable will be developed in partnership with private corporations, while the marginal sites are to be given a spigot tapping the U.S. Treasury.

'Local' Interests

The President often uses the word "local" when he discusses partnership. In his opinion, "non-Federal interests" are generally local. Sometimes, in fact, they are—for example, at the few sites where the partner can be a municipal light plant. But "local" hardly describes the Idaho Power Company, to which the Administration would give the great Hell's Canyon hydroelectric site, a dark and spectacular gorge more than a mile deep.

Nearly all the largest holders of common stock in the Idaho Power Company are banks and insurance companies, with headquarters thousands of miles from Hell's Canyon. Only about seven per cent of the

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common stock is owned in the Intermountain West, where the Snake River has trenched America's deepest abyss. Sixty-six per cent of the stock is held on the distant Atlantic Coast. On top of all this, the Idaho Power Company holds its annual meetings in Augusta, Maine, which is about as remote as one can be from Hell's Canyon without crossing an international border.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER occasionally likes to trace the lineage of his régime back to Theodore Roosevelt. Mention of the Rough Rider by President Magloire of Haiti brought noisy approval from a recent joint session of Congress. Yet one can only wonder what the first Roosevelt would have thought of partnership. Gifford Pinchot, who was Roosevelt's campfire friend and Chief Forester, has told how the two of them relied upon subterfuge to save hydroelectric sites in the West from "the Power Trust." They designated as Forest Ranger station locations the places along roaring mountain rivers where the utilities planned to stake out claims.

"Power sites were passing into corporate hands in ways both legal and illegal," Pinchot wrote in his autobiography, *Breaking New Ground*. "Some of these Ranger stations we located deliberately on water-power sites, in order to ensure some form of Government control... A certain number of Ranger stations were applied for which were needed less for Rangers than to give the Government a temporary hold on some power site and prevent the power octopus from sucking it in."

The difference between these tactics and the partnership program of the present Administration need not be elaborated upon. Roosevelt and Pinchot stretched the law to keep power sites in the West out of private hands. Mr. Eisenhower and Secretary McKay seek authorization to use Federal funds to develop Western water-power sites for the benefit of private utilities.

'The Earth Belongs of Right . . .'

Tumbling plumes of water are not the only public property now being subjected to the dubious blessings of partnership. Through its Departments of Agriculture and Interior, the Administration has endorsed two proposals that would make big timber operators and a handful of favored livestock owners the partners of the American people in managing our National Forests. A timber-exchange bill would require that lumbermen whose acreage was taken by the government for any purpose could demand choice government forest land in return.

Lyle F. Watts, formerly Chief of the U.S. Forest Service, contends that the bill has been so drawn as to apply only to the largest lumber operators. "It's a big man's bill," he adds.

Furthermore, the bill places lumber on a higher legal plane than any other possession of the human race. Ever since George Washington's era, the government has had an obligation to pay only in money whenever it commandeered property—whether the property consisted of a farm, church, factory, or school. Under the terms of the timber-exchange bill, money would not be sufficient. Lumbermen would be entitled to redemption in kind, a privilege never vouchsafed to the farmer whose home is acquired for a highway or a military cantonment. In addition, the lumbermen might pick National Forest lands that furnish recreation for thousands of skiers or campers.

Another bill would increase the equity of livestock operators in the forty-four per cent of National Forests which comprise grazing lands. Under this particular variety of partnership, the authority of Rangers to police mountain meadows belonging to the public would be modified. By making a few minor improvements in the range, stockmen might be able to sell grazing permits when they sold their ranches, although these permits are for land supposedly belonging to the government. A permit to graze only a hundred head of cattle on National Forest lands could add at least $25,000 to the value of a ranch. Even today, the sixty-one million acres of Western National Forest lands used for grazing are monopolized by a mere 3.5 per cent of Western stockgrowers.

Outdoor organizations have warned that the bill would give eighteen thousand stockmen a higher claim on the National Forests than thirty million vacationers and sight-seers. "Under such a program," warns the Denver *Post*, "our National Forests would be put in hock to one particular group of forest users." Yet this bill passed the Senate with Administration backing last year by a vote of 44 to 41, and was blocked in the House only by the eleventh-hour rush that occurs when Congressional valises and Presidential fishing rods are packed.

"PARTNERSHIP" is a reassuring word to most Americans. It implies mutuality of interest, a sharing of losses and gains. But the curious parnership suggested by the national Administration in the development of the most valuable natural resources still belonging to the American people calls for all the losses to be on one side and all the gains on the other. The appeal of partnership has depended to date upon ignorance of the true facts.

"The earth," said Gifford Pinchot, who founded our Federal forest reserves, ". . . belongs of right to all its people, and not to a minority, insignificant in numbers but tremendous in wealth and power. The public good must come first."

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The Message of Washington

SAUL K. PADOVER

FEW HISTORIC FIGURES have ever been greater objects of esteem and affection than George Washington. His personality and character lent themselves naturally to national idolizaton. He looked the way a hero should look—tall and handsome, strongly built and graceful.

His dignity and self-respect were such that to a superficial observer he appeared to be icy. Actually he was emotional, capable of tenderness and of outbursts of feeling. Discipline, which he imposed upon himself all his life, kept a tight rein on his passions, but on the occasions when his rigid self-control broke under stress, he was, in the words of a friend, "most tremendous in his wrath."

Washington tended to be aloof. He was slow in expression, halting in thought, and without much humor. Among intimates, when he felt free to relax, he showed a warm, gentle, and sometimes even whimsical side. At best, however, he was a mediocre conversationalist, possessing, in the words of one of his close collaborators, "neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words."

In direct personal contact he was a gentleman of much charm, always courteous and attentive. His voice was agreeable and well modulated. In conversation he weighed his words carefully. He also knew how to listen sympathetically and with deference.

He did not have much formal education. Indeed, he was long in learning to express himself in writing without doing violence to spelling and syntax. He had very little literary culture and was not especially interested in the arts.

Code of Conduct

What was the secret of Washington's attraction to his countrymen? Why did they turn to him in crisis? The answer is to be found in his character.

He had trained himself for leadership early in life. At thirteen he copied off a set of 110 "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." The Rules were an amalgam of Calvinistic morals and Franklinian maxims. The significant thing about this handbook of behavior was not that he copied it as a schoolboy but that he seriously strove to live up to it as a man. Here are a few examples:

"Every action done in company ought to be with some sign of respect for those that are present."

"Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another though he were your enemy."

"Let your conversation be without malice or envy."

"Let your recreations be manful and not sinful."

Washington adopted these virtues and made them an integral part of his personality. His qualities were not those of a dreamer. They were, rather, those of a tough-minded man of the world, ambitious for honor, practical and conservative in all dealings, always accepting the world exactly as it was, generally untroubled by illusions of human nobility. "We cannot change the nature of man," he used to say. Whenever possible he would help those in need, but he would not get personally involved in their difficulties. In his relations with the world he scrupulously calculated men's characters and gave them the exact respect they deserved.

He liked to give advice to his relatives, particularly young ones. It consisted largely of moral exhortations. He would say: "Be courteous to all, but intimate with few. . . . Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine birds. . . . avoid gambling. This is a vice which . . . is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and father of mischief."

Unlike so many of his contemporaries, Washington did not gamble or drink much. He never relaxed his severe code of conduct. This strong self-discipline, instead of repressing his personality, actually elevated it. He learned to command himself so that he could command others.

Rule of Reason

The towering character of the man—that compound of Puritanic morality and aristocratic obligation—enabled him to play the great role that he did in America. It was his will that organized the Revolutionary armies and led them to final victory. While others despaired, he never gave up hope. After the war was over, his countrymen looked to him for political leadership, for they knew that he possessed the virtues of integrity, courage, and patriotism to an abundant degree. He accepted the bid for the Presidency only out of a sense of duty, and with undisguised reluctance.

He brought to the Presidency a firm belief in the rule of reason and of justice, and in the superiority of a republican type of government. He hated any kind of autocracy. A constitutional republic, he said, "is as near to perfection as any human institution ever approximated." His was a middle-of-the-road political philosophy, visualizing a government that would be strong enough to protect property and maintain order, but not too strong to endanger the rights and liberties of the people. He was properly suspicious of too much military domination of public life and always insisted that the civilian authority must be paramount at all times, even in war.

Executive Habits

Washington was a first-class administrator. To him good administration meant sound business principles. It was a matter of systematic application to the job at hand, attention to detail, mastery of facts in any given

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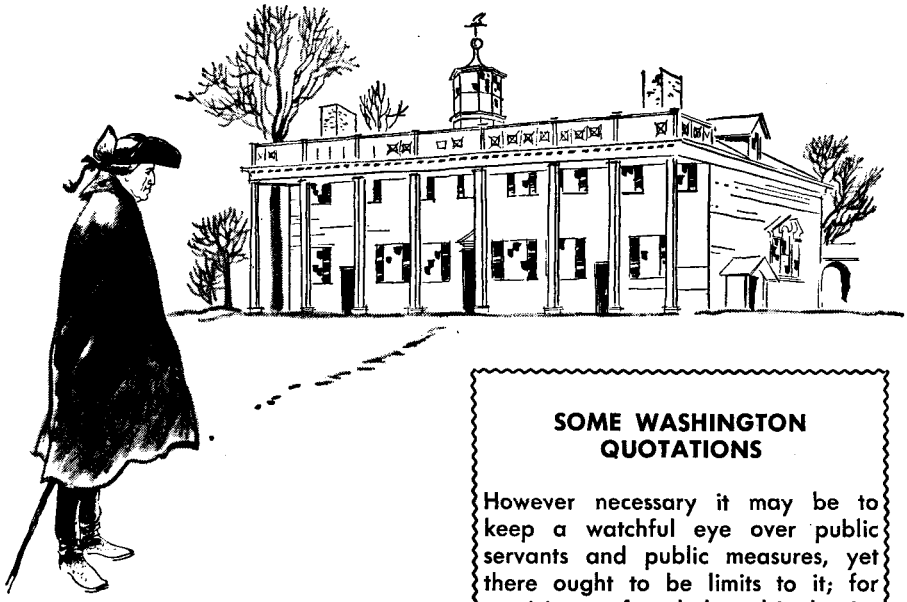

situation, a careful recording of every act, a patient listening to clashing opinions, and a final decision based upon a balancing of the known data and interests. As General, he administered the Army as if it were a large business organization. He kept full and accurate records, worked long hours, delegated authority with the utmost care, never shirked responsibility or painful decisions, and maintained stern discipline among officers and enlisted men alike.

Careless, pompous, untidy, or otherwise erring officers, no matter how exalted their rank, would feel the lash of his wrath, for General Washington did not believe in sparing the rod or concealing his opinions. He cared little for popularity. Few officers or men ever dared brave his whiplike displeasure.

In the Presidency he followed his lifelong habits of orderliness, promptness, hard work, and, above all, system. Upon assuming the duties of Chief Executive, he issued instructions to the Cabinet and heads of departments:

"Let me impress the following maxims upon the executive officers. In all important matters, deliberate maturely, but execute promptly and vigorously and do not put things off until tomorrow which can be done and require to be done today. Without an adherence to these rules, business will never be done, or done in an easy manner, but will always be in the arrears, with one thing treading upon the heels of another."

SOME WASHINGTON QUOTATIONS

However necessary it may be to keep a watchful eye over public servants and public measures, yet there ought to be limits to it; for suspicions unfounded, and jealousies too lively, are irritating to honest feeling; and oftentimes are productive of more evil than good.
—To James Madison, May 20, 1792

We [Americans] are apt to run from one extreme into another.
—To John Jay, August 1, 1786

Every post is honorable, in which a man can serve his country.
—To Benedict Arnold, September 14, 1775

To aim a stroke at the reputation of a virtuous character . . . , is a crime of so deep a dye as no Epithet can convey an adequate idea of to my mind.
—To James McHenry, July 7, 1797

It is not the part of a good citizen to despair of the republic.
—To Chevalier de la Luzerne, August 1 1786

Concealment is a species of misinformation.
—To Timothy Pickering, February 10, 1799

Among individuals the most certain way to make a man your enemy is to tell him you esteem him such.
—To John Banister, April 21, 1778

I have always given it as my decided opinion, that no nation had a right to intermeddle in the internal concerns of another; that every one had a right to form and adopt whatever government they liked best to live under themselves.
—To James Monroe, August 25, 1796

As President, Washington made a habit of listening to all sides of a question—"that I may extract all the good I can"—and then making his own decision. When it came to appointments, he was secretive up to the last moment, in order to escape undue influence. In naming men to office he was unmoved by political or social pressures, and impervious to the claims of special interests. Lest he be accused of nepotism, he rigorously abstained from appointing relatives.

A member of his Cabinet said that the General's sense of integrity and justice was so pure and inflexible that "no motive of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred was able to bias his decision." His basic maxim of Presidential conduct may be summed up thus: What was good for America was good for the President.

In Washington's eyes the Administration had to be a model of integrity and impartiality, so that it could command the respect of the country. For he was convinced that any political system, in order to be durable and successful, must be rooted in the affections and loyalties of the citizens.

America was to him of more than national importance. In his opinion it had world significance. The American Constitution, he said, provided for a government based on "the pure and immutable principles of private morality." As such, it was bound to bring happiness to the people, because in the end virtue is always rewarded. He considered America an example for all of mankind, and he hoped that it would serve as a model for the world's oppressed nations. In his Inaugural Address he said: ". . . the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered, perhaps, as *deeply*, as *finally*, staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people."

The Road to Heaven

In his view, the American government was superior to all others because it provided for a way of life that guaranteed personal freedom, the right to acquire and enjoy the use of property, and equal justice for all persons. America was moving in

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a direction that would make it the happiest country in the world.

In matters of education and religion Washington's views were liberal. Similarly, in regard to racial questions his attitude was enlightened. He was completely free of the vulgarity of religious or racial bias. Once, in trying to get some employees, he said that he did not care what was the color of their complexion, or where they came from, or what Deity they worshipped or did not worship. "If they are good workmen," he remarked, "they may be from Asia, Africa or Europe; they may be Mohametans, Jews or Christians of any sect, or . . . Atheists."

Although not strongly religious, he believed in God and attended church on occasion. He did not try to impose his religious ideas on others. Referring to the many sects of Christians, he told a friend: "Being no bigot myself, I am disposed to indulge the professors of Christianity . . . with that road to heaven, which to them shall seem the most direct, plainest, easiest."

He considered it a matter of special pride that America guaranteed full religious liberty to all, particularly such religious minorities as Quakers and Jews, who had had a rough time elsewhere. He wrote to a group of Philadelphia Quakers:

"The liberty enjoyed by the people of these states, of worshipping Almighty God agreeable to their consciences, is not only among the choicest of their *blessings* but also of their *rights*. . . . Men . . . remain responsible only to their Maker for the religion or modes of faith which they may prefer to profess. . . . I assure you very explicitly that in my opinion the conscientious scruples of all men should be treated with delicacy and tenderness."

In a similar vein he wrote to Jews expressing special pride that in America religious freedom was one of the "inherent natural rights" of the citizens. He was happy, he told them, that the U.S. government "gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance."

In sum, he was not only a great leader in times when the country needed him most but he also set the American people an example of integrity, courage and supreme devotion to liberty.

The 'Isms' Are Out

NORMAN THOMAS

My text is from a pamphlet entitled "So You Want a Better Job?," written by Paul W. Boynton, a personnel officer of the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company. The corporation, which has a generally good record in labor relations, has circulated some three hundred thousand copies of Mr. Boynton's pamphlet. I quote from a section headed "Personal Views."

"Personal views can cause a lot of trouble. Remember then to keep them always conservative. The 'isms' are out. Business being what it is, it naturally looks with disfavor on the wild-eyed radical or even the moderate pink. On the other hand, I think you will find very few business organizations who will attempt to dictate the political party of their employees."

This section follows one on "Personal Habits," in which employees and prospective employees are cautioned against reckless gambling and against drinking too much. Last November the *Princeton Alumni Bulletin* reported that excerpts from this text had been printed and discussed by undergraduates in their publication the *Princetonian*. That is how the matter came to my attention.

For some time I had been arguing that the present widespread community pressure of conformity was a greater danger to civil liberties than any demagogue. I knew that many young men anxious to succeed on the job think it wiser not to support conspicuously any minority cause or espouse any minority opinion. I remember the young man in a Middle Western city who drove me to my airplane after I had attended a meeting of an informal discussion club of which he was a member. The club was perfectly reputable in its personnel and in the opinions it expressed. The liveliness of its discussion did credit to the community. But I had scarcely settled myself in his car when the young man said, "Mr. Thomas, I hope you don't think we talk like that outside." I said, "Why not?" "Well," he replied, "I like my job. I'm doing pretty well and I don't think they'd like it at the shop."

I had always felt that such fears were exaggerated. Now, thanks to Socony-Vacuum, I am not so sure, for here I read in black and white that one must remember to keep his opinions "always conservative," and that "isms"—unless perhaps Republicanism, conservatism, Catholicism, or Methodism—"are out."

A Revised Version

I wrote to the company and Mr. Boynton himself did me the honor of calling upon me. He was entirely courteous but couldn't understand what I was talking about. His little pamphlet had been in circulation ever since 1947 and mine was the first word of criticism that had reached him. From the colleges and from students he had had only applause. Any possible wrong implication of the first two sentences was, he felt, removed by his declaration that "few business organizations . . . attempt to dictate the political party of their employees." "That is," I said, "it doesn't matter if you're a Republican or a Democrat, provided you have no opinions to express." He looked at me rather blankly.

Some time later, however, after the *Princetonian's* criticism and my complaints had come to his attention, Mr. C. F. Beatty, director in charge of industrial relations, wrote me a courteous letter which said:

"The sentences quoted by you when taken out of their context do sound awful. The fact that they have been misconstrued by a person of your intelligence demonstrates that they should never have been made in the first place, and steps are being taken to see that the fault is overcome in future issues of the pamphlet."

Still later, he wrote me in reply to my further inquiry that he would be glad to send me a new edition of the pamphlet "as soon as it is available." The revised version has just reached me. I am very glad to say

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that it no longer lends itself to the interpretation that had to be placed on the first text. It proclaims that "the world needs different viewpoints; blind conformity means stagnation. You won't get far unless you think for yourself." Very reasonably it now objects only to people talking politics when they should be working.

So far, so good. A high official of the company reacts intelligently and courteously to criticism. But what about the colleges that have been circulating the original version? Had they ever looked at it? If so, what did they think of it? I wrote to a sampling of institutions of higher learning, and from certain placement directors received interesting replies. Only from Harvard was there clear-cut expression of serious disapproval of the Boynton advice by a director of placement who did not happen to find a copy of the pamphlet on hand. Columbia merely says that the pamphlets are at the disposal of the students. Dartmouth and Ohio State University feel obliged to explain not merely that they felt free to inform students of the facts of industrial life but also that Mr. Boynton's words can't mean what I think they mean. The placement director of Ohio State writes:

"Since I know the author on a personal basis, I am sure that he had no intention of controlling the political opinion of prospective employees when he wrote the paragraph you mentioned.

"You can rest assured we would object very strongly if this company or any other firm ever actually attempted to control political opion-ion by job control."

That is to say, Ohio State would object to the pamphlet if I or anyone else could produce a student who would swear in court that, having been warned by the pamphlet, he had nevertheless expressed an opinion that got himself in trouble with the boss.

The Students Started It

Another aspect in this matter surprised me. Our professors in the social sciences or in business administration would be the first to deny that they live in ivory towers. Many of them have been exceedingly vocal about the protection of academic freedom in their own institutions. But they do not seem to have had any contact with their own placement directors. For seven years they do not seem to have bothered to find out what circulars these placement directors have been circulating to guide the students they teach. Or perhaps they have not thought the Socony text worth bothering about.

I think it is, and I think it something of a relief to turn from faculties to students. I have talked to many of them since John W. Milton, Princeton '57, turned on the light, and I think that an editorial in the *Princetonian* of January 6 fairly well summarizes their opinions. I quote:

"We have no criticism of Boynton for writing the paragraph; he should be commended. Whether or not he said what he meant to say, the paragraph as it stands is an accurate appraisal of the attitude towards liberal opinion today. The time has come, not for action against Boynton or revision of pamphlets, but for some constructive reaffirmation of faith in the principles of free speech . . ."

All in all, this has proved a worthwhile experience for the students, and for me. It goes to show that you can still get a response in America if you take the trouble to speak out.

Libya: The House The U.N. Built

RAY ALAN

THE NAME of Ibrahim el-Shalhi trusted friend and adviser of King Idris of Libya, must now be added to the ever-lengthening roll of leading Arab personalities who have died by an assassin's hand. He was murdered early last October by a nephew of the Queen of Libya, the twenty-two-year-old Prince Mohieddin el-Senussi. The infant Kingdom of Libya—only three years old last Christmas Eve—is being shaken to its foundations by the same tremors that have been felt throughout the Arab world, from Morocco to East Pakistan.

The assassination conformed to a familiar pattern. The victim was a realist who saw that Libya could not survive without Anglo-American aid, his princely assassin a xenophobe wedded to the belief that collaboration with the West is treason to Islam. In a typical disagreement, the two men were opposed last fall over the U.S. base treaty then before the Libyan Parliament.

King Idris aside, Ibrahim el-Shalhi had but few friends at court. Prince Mohieddin was not alone in disliking his pro-western tendencies. Most members of the royal family regarded him as an outsider (he was of Moroccan origin) and resented his influence over the frequently fuzzy-minded monarch, insisting that the King's advisers should always be drawn from his own family. Libya's new aristocrats are not yet ready to concede that the ruler of what is nominally, at least, a democratic state is any more in need of independent advice than the head of a nomadic tribal confederation.

For a few days after the crime until the middle of October, the fate of the sixty-five-year-old King himself trembled in the balance. Weak, demoralized by his failure in three marriages to produce a son (a sign, in Moslem eyes, of divine disfavor), and as mistrustful of his own family as he was unsure of his subjects, he went to cover in loyalist Tobruk, not far from a British base and within easy reach of the Egyptian frontier, and studied police reports from Tripoli and Benghazi.

King vs. Family

In Benghazi public opinion is divided between hostility and mere indifference to the King. Tripoli is distinctly hostile—in recognition of which the court has all but abandoned the luxurious royal palace there. Had there been a spontaneous uprising in the towns, the King

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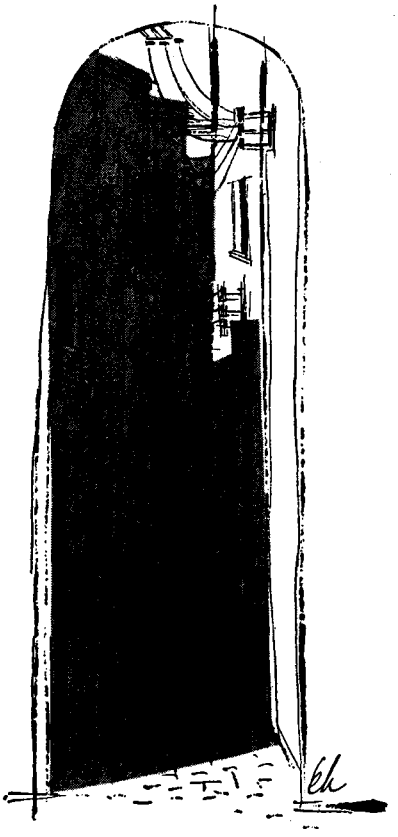
would have gone—it now is known—into voluntary exile in Egypt. This time, however, the troublemakers were not the youthful hotheads of the Omar el-Mukhtar societies (semi-secret anti-western nationalist groups named after a local leader who fought the Italians in the 1920s) but the King's and the Queen's own kin.

Prince Mohieddin's immediate relatives mobilized in his defense and swore vengeance on the King if their kinsman were arrested and tried like a common criminal. Notwithstanding he was hanged later. Other members of the nobility sought to take advantage of the confusion to advance themselves a rung or two up the ladder of socio-political privilege. It was generally felt around the fringes of Libya's royal family that King Idris's reign was drawing to a close—and, as the Arabic proverb puts it, "When a camel falls all knives are drawn on it, even its master's." The Benghazi chief of police felt justified in reporting to the Minister of the Interior his suspicion that a definite plot against the King existed within the royal household. The King rallied his spirits, added a few names from his own mental black list to those the police provided, and ordered Draconian measures. The army was called out to lend a hand.

On October 18, an astounded Near East learned that seven Senussi princes had been arrested and deported to a remote oasis two days' journey southwest of Benghazi. One of them was the son of the Crown Prince, the King's younger brother; two were the sons of another claimant to the throne—a cousin of the King's—and two the sons of Libya's Ambassador to Egypt; the other two were close relatives of the Queen. By royal decree, thirty other prominent members of the Senussi family had been deprived of all their privileges and reduced to the rank of private citizens; henceforth all business activities and administrative posts were barred to them. To add to his family's discomfiture, King Idris next gave Ibrahim el-Shalhi's son a court appointment and made it clear that he had no intention of modifying Libya's international orientation. Parliament was requested to speed up its consideration of the U.S. base agreement. To underline the request, the King dismissed the President of the Senate—originally, like all the kingdom's Senators, a royal nominee, but now an opponent of the agreement. At the beginning of November the Libyan Foreign Office was able to inform the U.S.



State Department that the treaty had been ratified.

The Birth of Libya

Like Egypt, Syria, and Iraq, Libya is finding it difficult to make the transition from the Middle Ages to the twentieth century in a few hectic years, but whereas these states are at least viable entities, nationally and economically, Libya is not.

Tripoli, the westernmost and most advanced of Libya's three provinces, is separated from Cyrenaica (to the east) and the Fezzan (in the Saharan south) by three hundred miles of desert—and as many years. The Italians, after wresting the territory from the Turks in 1911, bundled the three provinces together into one administrative empire and called it Libia: the "Libyans" still call themselves Cyrenaicans, Tripolitanians, and Fezzanis. The country has not been self-supporting since the Arab conquest in the seventh century. Its main sources of revenue until well into the nineteenth century were slave trading and piracy—in consequence of which the United States twice went to war with the Pasha of Tripoli. Between 1913 and 1942 the Italian treasury poured the equivalent of just under a billion dollars into Libya. Today, Britain, America, and France are having to subsidize the synthetic kingdom that the United Nations established in 1951.

If it were at all possible to subscribe to the Communist myth that presents the men in the Kremlin as brilliant long-term planners, one might be tempted to ascribe the current evolution of Libya to Stalin's foresight; for Russian obstructionism in the postwar talks on the disposal of Italy's former colonial empire undoubtedly led to the inevitable emergence of a single unstable Libyan state.

An early settlement would almost certainly have tacked the Fezzan onto the French Sahara, its natural hinterland, awarded Cyrenaica the status of an autonomous emirate under British protection, and given Tripolitania independence qualified by a treaty linking the territory economically to Italy—to their mutual advantage—and providing effective safeguards for its Italian and Jewish minorities. This might not have been an ideal arrangement, but it would at least have taken into account local economic realities, regional susceptibilities, and the Churchill Government's wartime pledge that the Senussis would never return under Italian rule—while recognizing the importance of Italy's constructive role in Tripolitania. Moreover, the West's strategic interests, which coincide conveniently with the coastal territories' need of the cash and employment foreign bases bring, would have been safeguarded. But it was not to be. Russia succeeded in delaying a decision until the Arab League and Egyptian propaganda had had time to disseminate anti-western suspicions throughout Libya and win support for the idea of a single unified Libya which former King Farouk of Egypt had hopes of dominating.

EVEN THIS SOLUTION would have sat lighter on the Libyans—and on their anemic economy—than the

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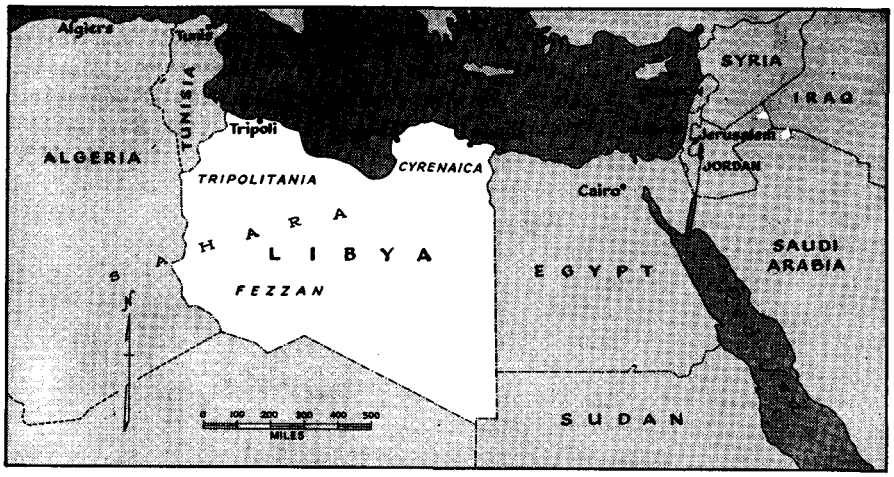
top-heavy bureaucratic burden finally imposed upon them by the U.N.; but by now the late Labour Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin had wagered British prestige on the outcome of the controversy. Still in his kingmaker phase—his first creation, King Abdullah of Jordan, had not yet been assassinated—Bevin decided that the Libya of the future should be a kingdom on the Jordanian model, linked to Britain by economic dependence, whose crown should go to the Emir Idris, feudal and spiritual overlord of the Senussis of Cyrenaica. Rather grievously in need of at least one short-term achievement in the Near East to offset his failures in Egypt, Palestine, and Iraq, the Foreign Secretary brushed aside as irrelevant such considerations as the Emir's lack of an heir and his unpopularity in Tripolitania. However, to avoid any possibility of the Senussis' being outvoted on a major issue by the more numerous, more sophisticated Tripolitanians (the population of Tripolitania is eight hundred thousand against three hundred thousand Cyrenaicans and forty thousand Fezzanis), the idea of a federated kingdom of Libya, in which the three provinces of Tripolitania, Cyrenaica, and the Fezzan would have an equal voice, was put forward.

Consequently, in the Libyan National Assembly, formed under U.N. auspices in 1950 to draw up a constitution for the future kingdom, Tripolitania, Cyrenaica, and the Fezzan were each given twenty representatives — the Tripolitanians thus being outnumbered two to one, a neat reversal of the true demographic situation. Under the western-inspired constitution finally approved by this assembly, a bicameral legislature came into being. Its lower house of fifty-five is democratically elected. But the Senate, consisting of eight members for each province, all appointed by the King, has veto power over all measures. A Federal Supreme Court was set up to decide all constitutional disputes, its members also appointed by the King. And finally, lest even these safeguards prove insufficient to muffle the anti-royalist Tripolitanian majority, the separate provincial governments of Tripolitania, Cyrenaica, and the Fezzan were each subordinated to a palace-appointed governor. In this way the Libyans had all the outward trappings of democracy thrust upon them but were artfully denied its substance.



Map by Starworth

Bureaucrats and Bases

The bureaucratic burden with which the federal scheme has saddled the Libyans is in no way lightened by the existence of a large royal family, whose appetite for wealth and power has been sharpened by its overnight elevation from tribal status, or by the fantastic obligation laid by the constitution upon court, Parliament, and federal government to shuttle annually between Tripoli (population 125,000) and the Cyrenaican town of Benghazi (population 60,000), both of which—again, for the purpose of balancing Tripolitanians against the rest—have been declared dual capitals.

Fortunately for the Libyan treasury, Britain has maneuvered itself into paying some ten million dollars a year for the privilege of stationing troops in the country—the main British base is at Tobruk—while the U.S. government considers its great airbase at Tripoli (Wheelus Field) worth two million dollars a year plus economic and military aid to the tune of a further three million dollars or so annually. The French pay just under a million dollars a year for facilities in Fezzan.

The various Libyan administrations, federal and regional, can therefore afford to provide official employment for almost as many of their citizens as can pass a modest literacy test—and for many who can't. The visitor to Tripoli may pardonably carry away the impression that the city contains more traffic cops than vehicles. On the roads to Cyrenaica and the Fezzan the traveler is waylaid by hordes of officials who inspect and stamp his documents, examine and re-examine his luggage, and fill in forms about him as if he were penetrating the Iron Curtain. The filling in of government forms is the kingdom's major industry. In the Fezzan alone there are some eight hundred officials and policemen to administer a total population of something around forty thousand.

The Libyan authorities fail to see anything undesirable in this state of affairs. On the contrary, they apparently reason that if the régime does establish a reputation for itself as a huge job-providing agency, stability will result, since Libya's increasingly vociferous young townsmen, more and more of whom are receiving some sort of an education and thus having their minds opened to radical ideas, will have a vested interest in supporting it. The fact that other Arab régimes—notably in Iraq and Egypt—have in the past indulged this illusion only to find themselves encumbered in the long run with a surfeit of both civil servants and radicals, often the same individuals, is passing unheeded. Libya's rudimentary educational system—staffed, incidentally, for the most part by anti-western Egyptians and Levantines—is already geared for the production of ever-increasing supplies of petty officials rather than the men the country really needs: agronomists, rural engineers, and cultivators capable of taking up the fight against the desert where the Italians left off.

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The Italians

Having planted more than five million fruit trees and forty-five million vines and conquered for cultivation more than five thousand acres of shifting sand dunes, the Italian settlers were at last on the point of gathering some appreciable return from their gigantic investment of effort when Mussolini engulfed them in disaster.

In Tripolitania the bulk of their achievement has survived, though discriminatory legislation depriving even veteran settlers of full citizenship rights, including the right to buy land, has caused eight hundred Italian farm families to leave. Those who have stayed on are tempted by the prevailing political uncertainty to devote their energies to raising quick-growing crops sometimes detrimental to the soil rather than to such long-term projects as tree planting and dune stabilization. But of the forty-eight thousand Italians still in Tripolitania just under half seem likely to remain on the land if political conditions settle down. They constitute a valuable nucleus of devoted cultivators who can do much to educate their Moslem neighbors by their example.

In Cyrenaica the Italian debacle was complete. Of the territory's forty-five thousand prewar settlers only a stubborn few score remain. The wilderness is already reclaiming their farms and gardens. Trees they planted and tended like delicate children have been hacked down and burnt on Bedouin campfires. Once-neat Italian farmhouses now shelter sheep and goats whose nomadic owners continue to live in tents alongside. On the Cyrenaican sector of the Second World War the desert is triumphing decisively.

The Sleepy Towns

In the towns the overriding impression is one of immobility. The atmosphere is that of an Ottoman creation. The broad Italian avenues of Tripoli and Benghazi, with their arcaded sidewalks, dramatic archways, and skillfully contrived vistas of what were once animated gardens and esplanades, might as well run through any of the dead Roman cities of North Africa. Modernistic villas and apartments vacated by Italians are now occupied by Moslem families, many of whom camp uneasily on the tiled floors, squatter fashion, with only a pathetic mini-

mum of basic utensils and even less furniture.

The womenfolk are confined indoors, circumscribed mentally and socially, venturing out on essential errands only in the shape of furtive, billowing bundles. The men while away long, empty hours on the edge of the old Turkish quarters, in cafés where even thought is paralyzed by the scream of radio loudspeakers, or squatting on the curb outside Italian shops watching flimsily clad European women with ravenous eyes. (The tantalizing proximity of women whose clothes are deliberately designed to make them as attractive as possible, and encumber them as little as possible, is perhaps the most grievous hardship inflicted on young Moslems, whose own society is strictly male, when—as in cities like Tripoli, Tunis, and pre-partition Jerusalem—East meets West.)

On the main streets generally there is thus a minimum of movement, intensified for a few minutes only when government offices open and close and British or American military traffic passes through. In Benghazi and Tobruk, sagging walls and roofs damaged by bombardment half a generation ago and still unrepaired heighten the ever-insistent feeling of futility and decay.

The Fezzan

Paradoxically, the backward Fezzan, in the Saharan interior, is the part of Libya that seems least in danger of stagnation. This may be because its very backwardness throws the achievements of recent years into somewhat exaggerated relief; but here, at least, although most Fezzanis have only a vague, jumbled idea of what has happened to them politically—and no clear sense of kinship with Tripolitanians or Cyrenaicans—there is a distinct stir of progress in the air.

The Fezzan was occupied by the Free French forces in January, 1943, following General Leclerc's epic thousand-mile march across the Sahara from West Africa to join up with the British Eighth Army. It remained under French military administration until Libya was declared independent. Since then French troops have stayed on by arrangement with the Libyan government, to keep open the communications linking France's Saharan territories bordering the Fezzan and to ensure that this vast complex of desert tracks and oases does not become a base for smugglers, raiders, and political agitators.

The troops entrusted with this mission, which covers an area the size of France, are a company of the Foreign Legion and a locally recruited Saharan infantry company. This tiny force inhabits a different planet from the American and British base troops in distant Tripoli and Tobruk—a world of Beau Geste and lonely little stone forts, of sandstorms and patrols into the infinite, of soldiering as the French nostalgically feel it ought to be.

Quick to see that nothing could be achieved here without the entire good will of the scattered suspicious population, the French turned the area over to specialists trained in southern Algeria. Artesian wells were sunk and pumps installed. Landless natives were given small holdings on newly irrigated plots and taught how best to cultivate them. Medical and veterinary advice was supplied

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free. The schools the French opened proved so popular that in spite of the hostility of many Libyan officials who mistrust "imperialist" teachers, proportionately more children receive a general education in the Fezzan than in the rest of Libya.

Meanwhile, the caravan routes in the region have been pronounced cleared of desert raiders, and good progress has been made in surveying the territory as a preliminary to prospecting for oil and metals. The fact that Foreign Legion patrols are unable to use their compasses over wide areas suggests the presence of interesting deposits, though these would have to be exceptionally valuable to justify the tremendous transportation costs that would be incurred in exploiting them. The shimmering sands of the Fezzan may yet yield a few pleasant surprises for the Libyan Finance Minister, but he would be unwise to count on them.

The French government meanwhile would be equally unwise to count on maintaining its troops in the Fezzan indefinitely. A few weeks ago the Libyan government, doubtless reflecting its allegiance to the Arab League and its particular friendship with Egypt, requested that France withdraw its troops.

The German Invasion

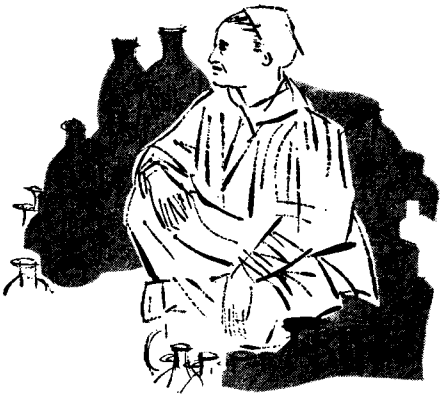
But what would become of Libya if an economic recession or an easing of cold-war tension dried up western subsidies and military expenditure? The only official answer one ever gets to this question is a shrug and a fatalistic phrase or two about the will of Allah. Agricultural output has declined since the war; not enough Moslem cultivators are moving into abandoned Italian farms to stave off a further decline over the next few years. The development of industry on any significant scale is hampered and the country's economic future generally beclouded by the almost complete lack of domestic raw materials, fuel, water power, local capital, and mechanical and professional skill.

Some effort has been made to fill this last want in Cyrenaica by encouraging Germans—in the first instance prisoners of war captured in North Africa—to settle there, but this has had the effect of slowing down rather than hastening the emergence of native specialists by reducing the demand for their services. Neither the local Moslems nor resident westerners are likely to go out of their way to consult Libyan-born dentists and mechanics while qualified Germans are available; and the Germans, instead of training Libyans to replace them, are bringing out more of their own compatriots. King Idris, who might have set an example, has hired a German doctor (a gynecologist!) as his personal physician.

Condemned to Instability

Ernest Bevin had wanted Libya to be a second Jordan, and his wish was granted to an extent that smacked of mockery. As in Jordan, a new political entity possessing neither roots nor a natural center of gravity has come into being where none had existed before. A desert emir had been given a throne and an entourage of hand-picked advisers; and Sir Alec Kirkbride, Britain's brilliant Ambassador to Jordan, who had supervised the erection of Abdullah's kingdom, had—rather tactlessly—been transferred to Tripoli to put his personal hallmark on King Idris's crown. There was a Jordan-type permanent deficit in the new kingdom's budget that could only be met by a Jordan-type subsidy, in return for which Libya had no choice but to offer Jordan-type base facilities.

Like small boys, the Near East allies and the advisers of most great powers are afflicted with appetites



that bear no relation to their digestive capacities. The French lost what could have been a near-permanent foothold in the Christian core of Lebanon through annexing to it large indigestible Moslem areas sliced off Syria. Bevin's advisers signed King Abdullah's death warrant and terminated Britain's lease on his kingdom when they authorized him to annex eastern Palestine and take over a million disgruntled anti-British Moslems who considered their new ruler a renegade and themselves incomparably superior to the wild and woolly but feudally loyal Transjordanian tribesmen. The same error was committed in Libya. Had Bevin been willing to settle in good time for Cyrenaica alone (he *was* willing later, after his advisers had had second thoughts, as the Bevin-Sforza agreement revealed; but the cards had been dealt), Britain would have been able, in spite of Russian obstructionism, to establish a firm, comfortable base there and maintain it, with a minimum of political worries, for as long as it might have desired. But by shortsightedly sponsoring Senussi claims on Tripolitania, whose population regards the Cyrenaicans much as Palestinian Arabs look on Transjordanians, he was condemning Libya to instability and storing up innumerable headaches for future Foreign Secretaries—as well as more than doubling the British taxpayers' bill for the venture. The parallel with Jordan was complete.

A DISTINGUISHED British Orientalist whom I met in Libya while he was helping guide the first faltering steps of the new régime told me he thought it might endure for twelve years if the western powers were generous with their subsidies, six years if they were not. He predicted a steadily widening gulf between Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, the former returning to a considerable extent to Italian economic influence and the latter being taken decisively in hand by Britain. And the Fezzan? "Within a few more years everyone except the French will have forgotten the Fezzan so much as exists." In other words, by settling gradually into a more natural geographical and political pattern than that at present imposed on them, Libya's three provinces would themselves solve the Libyan problem by discreetly converting the U.N.'s unmanageable mansion into more habitable apartments. The man who made this forecast is by nature an optimist.

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The Indian Army, Sword of the 'Nonviolent'

DESMOND HOWE

NEW DELHI

THOUGH millions of Indians admire Gandhian pacifism, that doesn't stop them from cheering at military parades. President Rajendra Prasad is the most peaceful and gentle of men, but at the Republic Day celebration in 1954 he happily saluted tanks, armored cars, and truckloads of bombs. The Indian Army is popular in spite of the fact that it was responsible for internal security until the last day of British rule, and was Britain's sword arm in Asia from Arabia to Singapore.

The army itself remains very British. Officers and men wear the old uniforms, though the badges of rank have been changed. Orders are still given in English, and English food is still served in the messes. The commander in chief regularly attends the Commonwealth commanders' conferences in England, and senior officers still may take the one-year course at the Imperial Defence College. For those Americans in Korea who saw Indian troops for the first time, their commander, Lieutenant-General K. S. Thimayya, must have looked and sounded like a sun-tanned Englishman. In mess kit with its tight pantaloon trousers and short jacket he looked like an Edwardian dandy.

Sam Browne's cavalry, the regiment first mustered by the man who invented the belt, is now part of the Pakistani Army, but the Kiplingesque names of other old regiments are still proudly retained. Skinner's Horse and Hodson's Horse have long been tank regiments, but the horsy British colonels who originally raised them are fondly remembered.

The old Viceregal Bodyguard, a splendid squadron of cavalry with uniforms more gorgeous than anything dreamed up by Cecil B. De Mille, is now called the President's Bodyguard, but there has been only one other change. On their breastplates they now wear the device of the Indian Union, the Asoka Lions, instead of the imperial crown and insignia. The gold and scarlet, the high boots and lances, remain.

India now regards the British queen as only a symbol of Commonwealth unity, but one engineering unit still insists on calling itself the Royal Engineers. And as if this close association with the old British traditions were insufficient, there is also

a special Regiment of Guards modeled on Britain's famous Brigade of Guards. Its duties are the same: to guard the head of state.

Peacetime Campaigns

The army's popularity is probably due to a healthy pride in national institutions. In spite of Prime Minister Nehru's policy of noninvolvement he agrees with Oliver Cromwell that it is not a bad idea to keep your powder dry. The defense estimates for 1954 were about $425 million, or forty-five per cent of the national budget. For a peaceful country India has fought a surprising number of military campaigns. In the first year of its existence it advanced into Junagadh, a small princely state that wanted to accede to Pakistan, stopped the tribal invasion of Kashmir, and marched into Hyderabad, a state larger than most of the member nations of the U.N. and ruled by the Nizam, reputedly the richest man in the world.

With the greatest possible efficiency it put down a Communist insurrection in Telangana. This is an area in the eastern sections of Hyderabad where the Communist Party of India, acting under orders given at the Asian Communist conference of Calcutta in 1948, rose against the administration, murdered landlords, and distributed farmlands to peasants. More than three thousand persons were killed, and at one time the red flag flew over hundreds of "liberated" villages. The central government was slow to act, but when the order was finally given a few battalions of regulars soon broke up the insurrection.

Strange Love Affair

For fifty years or more Indian nationalists said rude things to the British, and shouted at them to leave until they did. It seemed that the two peoples would never again be able to meet each other in a friendly fashion, but today the London-Delhi relationship is probably the best between western and Asian countries. India remains within the Commonwealth. There are more British civilians in India than ever before—thirty-five thousand claimed British nationality at the latest count—and mutual trade was never better.

Enlightened self-interest is partly responsible for this, but for generations a strange sort of love affair has been going on between Britons and Indians, outside as well as inside the army. It was an Englishman who founded the Congress Party which persuaded the British to quit. Mr. Nehru went to Harrow—Winston Churchill's school—and Cambridge. The struggle for independence was fought on the floor of the House of Commons as well as in the streets of Calcutta and Bombay. Sirdar K. M. Panikkar, former Indian Ambassador in Peking and no friend of the West, once admitted that British officers and administrators in India identified themselves so closely with the country that it had first claim on their loyalty.

On the Indian side this love af-

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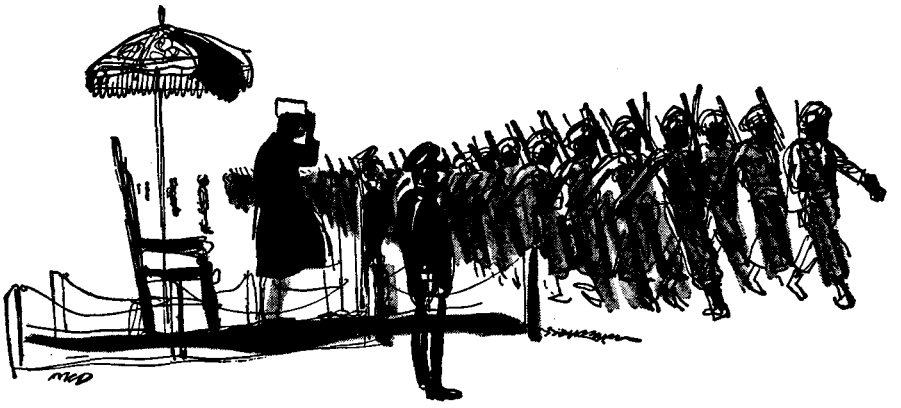

fair saved the independence movement from violence. It takes two to avoid a fight, and the Congress leaders knew the British too well to start one. Mahatma Gandhi provided the inspiration and technique, but at a UNESCO seminar held here in 1953 Dr. Ralph Bunche asked if the nonviolence campaign would have been successful against another colonial power. It was generally admitted by the Indians present that the British made success possible because they played it the Indian way. This had an enormous effect upon post-independence Indian opinion, and made it possible for India to stay within the Commonwealth and for the Indian Army to remain essentially British in character and organization. Only the Communists complained.

Baldev Singh, free India's first Defense Minister, was thus able to exhort *jawans* (Indian for G.I.s) never to forget their loyalty to British officers, to whom they owed their efficiency and fighting morale.

Law-Enforcement Agency

There is another good reason why the army is so popular. It is a very good army. "A damned fine bunch of fighting men!" exploded an old Englishman over his highball in a club recently. An Indian officer there made deprecating noises in the approved English fashion, but the writer, who served in it during the Second World War, agreed.

Today the size of the Indian Army is classified information, but its effective strength is said to be about 250,000. It should be possible to raise ten divisions—the Indian division is smaller than the equivalent American formation and the administrative and supply "tail" is much smaller—though it is unlikely that more than five could be put into the field on short notice.

This is because in India the army is also a law-enforcement agency. For a country that preaches nonviolence India is very violent indeed, and in times of civil commotion magistrates can call out troops to restore law and order. For this reason cantonments, as barracks are called here, are scattered about the country, making tactical organization extremely difficult.

The active units are concentrated mostly in Kashmir and along the frontier of West Pakistan. Among them is an armored division equipped with U.S.-made M-4 tanks.

To this armed strength can be added the Gurkha battalions. Before independence these tough mercenaries from Nepal formed part of the British Army in India, not of the Indian Army. In 1947 they were divided under the terms of the tripartite agreement among Britain, India, and Nepal. Eight battalions went to Britain and sixteen to India. When war came to Kashmir more Gurkhas were recruited, and although there has since been some demobilization there are probably about twenty Gurkha battalions in India today.

The air force is a separate service, and at present is weak. Its fighter arm still has propeller-driven machines, such as British Tempests, and even the older Spitfires. Jet squadrons are equipped with the obsolete British Vampire and the French Ouragan.

The Religious Riots

In 1947 the Indian Army was partitioned along with the country. As the predominantly Moslem areas became Pakistan, so most Moslem soldiers went to the Pakistani Army. This split-up was no simple matter. Some regiments were raised on a communal basis; that is, to simplify the language and rationing problems, the men all belonged to one religion. But many had companies or squadrons of Hindus, Moslems, and Sikhs. The writer's regiment had Moslems and Sikhs, and it was torn in two. The staffs and the engineer, signal, and other technical units were all mixed, seemingly inextricably.

But they had to be sorted out, and quickly, because upon the armies depended the future of the two new countries. In northern India, especially in the Punjab, political and administrative control collapsed under religious rioting. Nearly a hundred million people were affected. It was as if the entire populations of Britain and France had suddenly gone crazy. Because of fears of religious persecution, whole towns and villages emigrated.

Law and order broke down completely, and religious fanatics murdered and maimed. I saw four thousand Moslem refugees slaughtered on a stalled train. Two days later a large number of Hindus and Sikhs were killed on a train in Pakistan. There are no accurate statistics available, but at the time a senior officer on the staff of Lord Mountbatten, who was India's last Viceroy and first Governor General, estimated that nearly a million persons were killed or wounded.

The two armies, disorganized as they were, constituted the only forces capable of restoring law and order, and this they did efficiently and well. I stayed with one young Sikh major who was running a camp with a refugee population of more than 300,000. He was an infantryman with a good war record in Burma, but with little other experience. Somehow he saw to it that his terrified charges were fed and clothed, that parted families were reunited, that unaccompanied girls were protected, and that elementary field hygiene measures were observed. Within a few weeks he had the men whitewashing the stone markers of the camp streets, and the boys playing soccer.

Many observers thought the In-

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dian Army would fail because, it was said, Hindu soldiers would not shoot Hindu civilians. The test came in Delhi, where Hindu and Sikh religious fanatics roamed the streets looking for Moslem stragglers. Most of the troops were in the Punjab, and the situation got out of hand. For a few days the government machine came to a standstill. A Hindu battalion was rushed to the capital, and the writer saw one of its platoons march into Connaught Circus, the fashionable market place where some of the worst rioting and looting took place.

They marched in as if they were on parade. They were halted and turned to face a mob. A magistrate ordered it to disperse, but there was no movement. Nobody thought they would fire. It was quite clear that this was one of those moments when the caliber of men and countries are tested. The magistrate repeated the order, and still there was silence. Then the young lieutenant stepped forward, nominated the riflemen who were to fire, chose their human targets, and gave the command to fire. They obeyed, and Delhi, and perhaps all India, was saved.

AFTER the Punjab was brought under control, the army settled down to pick up its own pieces. It was quite a job. Regiments had to be reformed, and young officers took ranks and commands that normally are held only by senior men. A Briton remained as commander in chief; there were three senior British military advisers, and many more in staff and technical appointments. But they were there only to work themselves out of jobs, to train younger men to take over as soon as possible. There were other problems. Men could be transferred but not big installations. To India fell most of the ordnance factories, but many military posts were near the Northwest Frontier and these went to Pakistan. So did the staff college in Quetta.

Modernization Moves

How well the Indian Army recovered can be seen today. The men are smarter than most troops elsewhere, and their training is sound. By American standards much of the equipment is obsolescent. The basic weapon is still the old British Lee-Enfield rifle, with a manually operated bolt. Much of the transport is left over from the last great war, and the bullock cart and mule train are still used.

But the army also has a range of sound basic weapons such as the Bren and Sten guns, British infantry mortars, and field artillery. A large-scale modernization program is being carried out, and wisely the general staff is increasing domestic production of defense matériel and potential. Negotiations are now in progress for the purchase of the British Centurion tank, which is the basic medium tank for the NATO armies. Leylands, its British manufacturer, is willing to build a tank

factory in India. Rolls-Royce is prepared to license Indian manufacture of its jet engines.

India inherited about a dozen ordnance factories, and these are being expanded. There is plenty of coal and iron ore, and soon home production of steel will be more than five million tons annually. More and more electronic devices are being made locally.

Other modernization programs are under way. The medical services are being reorganized, and a school of foreign languages was opened in 1948 where French, Arabic, German, Chinese, Russian, and Tibetan are taught. A defense science organization has been set up for research and improvement of weapons, and a specialized machine-tool plant is in production near Bombay. A new staff college has been opened at Wellington. The commandant is a Briton, Major General W. Lentaigne.

Wheat, Meat, and Men

India's best military raw material is its men. Most soldiers are peasants from the north, where wheat and meat are the stable diet. They are very different from the flaccid vegetarian Hindu in the towns, or the emaciated cultivator of southern India where rain comes only once every three years and famine stalks in between. They are as sturdy and tall as any steak-fed American.

They have the mental stability and physical toughness of peasants, but they are not unintelligent. During the Second World War they learned to handle tanks, large artillery pieces, and the most complicated signals and radar equipment. These qualities are being continually developed, and it is now very much easier for an enlisted man to win a commission.

In the last century all officers were British. A Viceroy's commission was the highest rank open to Indians. These V.C.O.s, or Viceroy's commissioned officers, were junior to platoon commanders. In every regiment the senior V.C.O., or subadar major, was attached to the colonel as a kind of expert on Indian customs and living habits. This was changed eventually and many Indians received the King's commission; that is, they were equal to British officers. By the Second World War many Britons were serving under Indian superiors. Now there are only about forty British officers left, and most of them are said to be more Indian than the Indians. The National Defence Academy at Dehra Dun, India's West Point, is open to men from the ranks. Nothing prevents a *jawan* from becoming commander in chief, as long as he first passes the Union Public Services Examination and the Services Selection Board.

If he does, he goes to Dehra Dun, where he spends the first two years with naval and air-force cadets in the Joint Services Wing. He then serves another two years in the Mili-

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tary Wing before he joins his regiment as a second lieutenant. Incidentally, the Joint Services Wing is another post-independence innovation, and is partly responsible for the good interservice co-operation in India today.

The question is how this army will be used in the future. Will it eventually become part of a SEATO, or will its political removal from the strategic scene continue to upset the balance of power in Asia in favor of the Communist countries? The question cannot be answered by the general staff; the Indian Army keeps out of politics. But those Americans who are impatient with Mr. Nehru's foreign policy should remember that population-wise India represents about three-quarters of free Southeast Asia. It can be regretted that India refuses to join a mutual defense organization, but while it remains free and strong a Communist victory in Asia will be incomplete. For while India remains free the Indian Ocean and Bay of Bengal will remain open to the West. India is also a source of strength, a rallying point, for the other Colombo Powers—Indonesia, Burma, Ceylon, and Pakistan.

Meanwhile, the Indian Army is still a factor in Asian strategy. Its potential is enormous. During the last war more than 2,500,000 rallied to its colors—the old King's Colours have been laid up with proper ceremony at the National Defence Academy—to form the largest volunteer army in history, and they would surely do it again.

The local Communists probably paid the best compliment to the Indian Army when their Politburo decided that it made armed revolution on the Chinese model impossible.

MEANWHILE Indian officers prepare themselves for any eventuality, as Mr. Nehru calls it, and continue to play polo and stick pigs with great efficiency, as did the *pukka sahibs* of old. Other bonds with Britain remain. When the Indian custodial force left Korea, the commander of the British Commonwealth Division sent a message saying "Well done." Thimayya answered, "The credit must be shared with Britain, because she taught us all we know."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Boom In American History

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

THE OTHER day I decided to check up on the popular impression that buyers of American books today are concerned primarily with Positive Thinking, reducing, repairing old furniture, and the Himalayas, in that order. I find that they are also, in record numbers, concerned with history—not just medieval history as romanticized by leading lady novelists, but that old standby, American

history, especially as written by non-Ph.D.s or by Ph.D.s who are able to write as if they were not.

When two book clubs are specializing in history, primarily American; when the new book by the Oregon ex-lumberjack, Professor Stewart H. Holbrook, *The Age of the Moguls,* quickly rolls up a bookstore sale of nearly fifty thousand; when the luxurious new bimonthly *American Heritage* ($2.95 a copy, $12 a year) approaches a circulation of one hundred thousand with its second issue; and when more than four million copies of just one publisher's juvenile historical series (Random House's "Landmark Books") have been sold within five years—we are clearly in the presence of a phenomenon, possibly even a Trend.

FIRST COME the children, for whom the fifty "Landmarks" (from the Vikings to the Wright brothers) provide a library of extraordinary range and narrative vivacity, as written by such figures as Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Richard L. Neuberger, and, again, Stewart H. Holbrook. The child who isn't exposed to a "Landmark" is statistically pretty certain to get either a volume of the even more extensive Bobbs-Merrill series, "Childhood of Famous Americans" (Miles Standish to Woodrow Wilson), now up to eighty-six titles, or of Grosset & Dunlap's "Signature" series of thirty-four titles since 1952 (Christopher Columbus to Amelia Earhart). Among the heroes one now finds George Washington Carver and Lou Gehrig, and still another series, "New American Heritage" (thirty titles), even specializes in inspired missionaries, libertarians, and noble Indians. Children's literature is evidently not what it was in the days of the Rover Boys, and its sales figures are enough to make a vendor of comic books blanch.

For the Grownups

Beyond the annual march of biographies that admire our Civil War generals and essays that deplore our foreign policies, adults are now being offered a galaxy of instructive series about our past. Little, Brown, convinced that the state of American biography could stand improving, launched last year its "Library of American Biography" (six titles published, including Bruce Catton's study of General Grant); Alfred A. Knopf, evidently convinced that biography could stand still more improving, has just begun its "Great Lives in Brief" series with Roger Burlingame's *Henry Ford,* to be followed by studies of James J. Hill and Gilbert Stuart, intermixed with Gandhi, Hans Christian Andersen, and Julius Caesar.

While the Bobbs-Merrill people

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have been furbishing up their adult "Makers of the American Tradition" series, Doubleday is well into its "Mainstream of America" series (fifteen volumes, to include a book by Bruce Catton on the Civil War), and Harper, not to be outdone, is also wading into the stream with its "New American Nation Series" (four volumes published, thirty-eight to go, also including a volume by Bruce Catton on the Civil War). With Carl Carmer's *The Susquehanna,* fully forty-eight volumes have now appeared in that vast compendium of regional literature, "Rivers of America." (No book by Mr. Catton on a Civil War river has yet been announced.)

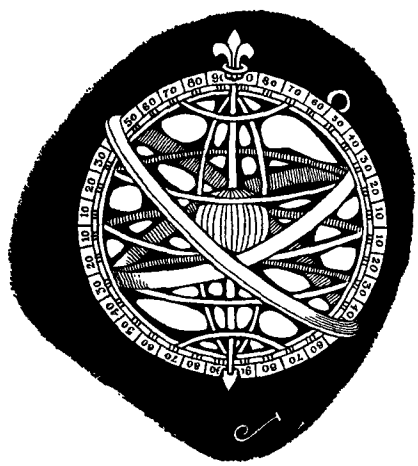
NOR is this all. American history, having taken to the air half a dozen years ago as part of the subject matter on CBS's "You Are There" series of dramatizations, has now also entered the home on such discs as the "Enrichment Records" series in which juvenile "Landmarks" are interpreted by such well-known TV actors as Frank Behrens (of "Suspense," "Danger," and "The Bob Hope Show") playing Daniel Boone, and Santos Ortega ("Nero Wolfe" and "Inspector Queen") playing George Washington. For the adult, there are Carl Sandburg's Civil War readings and a recent Columbia release, "The Confederacy," which includes Dixie soldier songs, General Lee's Farewell Order to the Army of Northern Virginia (Reverend Edmund Jennings Lee, narrator), all topped off with an essay, "The Confederate Legend"—by Mr. Catton.

Trend Toward What?

Finally we have *American Heritage,* which its subtitle calls a "magazine" while its cover terms it "a series of books," and whose second issue, or volume, has just appeared with a brilliant array of color illustrations and articles on topics ranging from Indians and the China trade to John Brown and Gilded Age architecture, all for $2.95—the history-minded man's *Fortune* if it's a magazine, or a popular-priced book if it's a book. Its editor is Bruce Catton.

This distinguished venture, among whose original backers were Dwight D. Eisenhower, Henry R. Luce, and Marshall Field, is sponsored by two groups more known for earnest scholarship than journalistic derring-do: the Society of American Historians and the American Association for State and Local History. I found no representative of either on hand, though, when I visited its offices to meet the editor and inquire what had caused its bright eruption into what were once academic groves.

Editor Catton, a lean shirt-sleeved newspaperman whose cubicle is strewn with pictures of stern-wheelers, talked of a major revival of popular historical interest through encrusted layers in a time of self-examination. His wiry young publisher, James Parton (of Thorndike, Jensen & Parton, consultants and publishers), spoke of the traditional backwardness of history teaching in our schools, and of this as providing



an incentive to adults to acquire now what in their youth had been denied them. "I see no reason," Mr. Parton ended, "why we shouldn't hit a circulation like that of the *National Geographic.*"

When history can be made as immediate as this, a Trend is on, although the question remains, Toward what? In part, it appears to be away from the Ph.D., or what has been traditionally expected of him. So, at least, I understand Lewis Gannett, the editor of "Mainstream of America," to suggest when he remarks that his series was born as a result of complaints about the lack of drama and brilliance in our conventional history writing, and of a publisher's desire to emulate the popular success of the English historical narratives of Thomas B. Costain (*The Magnificent Century,* etc.) by enlisting creative writers to do something comparable on America. Accordingly, the Doubleday people declare, their series will include "no more dull dates, dim figures, lists of battles," but will make our history "as lively as the finest fiction." Even Harper's serious forty-two-volume shelf, which publisher Cass Canfield says he hopes will do the same for America and his firm as Professor Albert Bushnell Hart's series did forty years ago, has let down scholastic barriers and admitted several authors with barely a B.A. to their names.

A RETURN of history from the realm of monographs to that of the market place tells much about our new absorption but not all—not, for instance, whether the history being written for adults actually offers new departures or insights, as that addressed to children appears to be offering *them.* What a reader seeks in history is in part a function of his times. In days of trouble we turn back to other times when we had even greater troubles—which usually takes us to the Civil War. Then in good times we have a way of turning back for pleasant reminiscence. Here the Colonial revival comes in, along with all the books on restoring furniture and old glass. In times of Republican dominance many people become filled with the idea that things are not as good as the Republicans say they are, and this disenchantment sometimes leads to a mood of critical re-examination.

Critical Moratorium

Our times are somehow special. True, Civil War literature is booming, but then it always booms, satisfying the varied demands either of spiritual need, sentiment, or intramural disputation. Memory of stern-wheelers, mountain men, early inventors, and Apaches may now have reached an all-time high. Scholarship flowers in a thorough work like Professor Wallace Notestein's new *The English People on the Eve of Colonization;* narrative brilliance in a tour de force such as Paul Horgan's *Great River;* reverence for a great and once disputed name in the two biographies of Henry Ford that have appeared within six months.

But what is less visible to the eye today is the writing of histories and

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"When will Daddy come?"

Sul Ja wants her daddy. Every day she looks for him. Every day she asks her mother, "When will Daddy come?" Sul Ja is only four years old. How can her mother explain why Daddy doesn't come—that he still is a prisoner of the Communists in North Korea, that he may even be dead?

Sul Ja's mother doesn't say these things. Like Sul Ja, she hopes that her husband *will* come back some day. In the meantime she struggles desperately to keep her little family together. In war-torn Seoul, where thousands of refugees strive to rebuild their lives, the young mother runs a roadside stand—and makes $10 a month! This does little more than pay the rent, let alone meet the needs of a growing child like Sul Ja. With Korea's bitter winter here, her plight is still more precarious.

HOW YOU CAN HELP SUL JA

You can't bring Sul Ja's father home, but you *can* help her, and thousands of youngsters like her. Through Save the Children Federation, you can send supplementary food, warm clothing, shoes, bedding, school supplies—and other necessities—to a child in Korea or in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy or Yugoslavia. You will get a case history of "your" child, a photograph, and a progress report. You can write to "your" little boy or girl and the family, and receive letters in return, so that your material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship. An SCF Sponsorship is only $120 a year, $10 a month. The cost is so small —the good so great.

A contribution in any amount will help

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biographies cast in a critical vein. Criticism does continue — directed chiefly at the role of the State Department—and blasting attacks appear regularly on Franklin D. Roose-

velt by disappointed admirals and other fire-eaters whose works are published by houses specializing in that line, but it is almost as if a moratorium had come into effect on debating issues dating before 1930.

Perhaps we had too much criticism before. We had schools of "revisionists" about almost everything, and now we must expect their revisionism in turn to be revised. Decades of roving inquiry and iconoclasm have produced the natural reaction of a desire to rehabilitate the victims. In the case of the story of great business enterprise the recovery is complete; many of its former traducers have now been converted into its chief defenders. If the balance has been righted, perhaps one should do without further criticism. Yet suspension of criticism equals uncritical acceptance, and the obverse of an inquiring maverick is often just a noncommital nice guy.

Has Judgment Fled?

Not so many years have passed since the critical fulminations of Frederick Jackson Turner and Charles A. Beard, and of the battles of the books in which men ranging from Albert J. Beveridge to Vernon Louis Parrington and Claude G. Bowers laid lustily about them on the issues of the Hamiltonian versus the Jeffersonian tradition, states' rights, Civil War policy, and Reconstruction. Whether Andrew Johnson was a misunderstood hero or a villain was a burning issue. Today it is as if all the questions were settled. Amid the steady flow of literature, a historic peace hovers over us, and in the glow of memory now thrown about

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the past one sometimes gathers the impression that everyone who flourished before 1900 was a hero, simply because he flourished.

In the biography Fletcher Pratt wrote two years ago of Lincoln's much-abused and much-abusing Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, the author set out vigorously to champion and restore that explosive man. On the other hand, Stewart H. Holbrook, approaching in his new *The Age of the Moguls* the subject of the magnates of the early industrial era, declares at the outset, "My account will not attempt to pass judgment on matters that have baffled moralists, economists and historians." Why not? What's the objection to passing judgments? Mr. Holbrook is writing as a historian, whose profession includes the passing of judgments. Non-judgment is inclined to leave the reader in a sort of narrative swoon. And if the author wishes to be just a straightforward storyteller, he can still risk a judgment: Prescott, Parkman, Motley, great storytellers, all did it.

THE TIMES surely call for holding our past heroes high. Yet there is still room for thinking critical thoughts about non-heroes, or even about heroes if we happen to disagree with them. We probably do not need, at this point, fresh debunking biographies setting out to prove that Abraham Lincoln was politically slippery, that Van Buren was an amiable rascal, and that the story of young George Washington and his cherry tree was wholly apocryphal (although the children's books, I notice, give this particular yarn a wide berth). But even when a man is filled with filial devotion, it is good for him to know that when he feels he absolutely must, he is still free on occasion to heave a dead cat into someone's sanctuary.

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Paris Report on A Charming Monster

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

PARIS

BONJOUR TRISTESSE, by Françoise Sagan. Translated from the French by Irene Ash. *Dutton. $2.50.*

Cécile is sixteen and her father always picks his mistresses young—thus assuring companionship for his daughter as well as pleasure for himself. When a woman of forty enters the scene Cécile's instincts warn her that her father is in danger of marrying again. To forestall this calamity, Cécile combines intrigue, cynicism, and perfidy so masterfully that she drives the intruder to death, persuades her to die. Thereupon, Cécile feels just a little sad.

THIS REMARKABLE nugget of perversity is the theme of a first novel by eighteen-year-old Françoise Sagan. It won the Critics' Prize, sold nearly a quarter of a million copies, and brought its author a tidy fortune. It is entitled, in the English version as in the original, *Bonjour Tristesse.*

The last two years have seen a new fashion in France: Very young girls who wear no make-up, are conservatively dressed, and look demure, have been entering publishers' offices with novels so scandalous that these gentlemen, in spite of being nearly as experienced as the priest in his confessional, anxiously asked themselves whether the young ladies deserved a spanking or had written novels that might win a literary prize.

In this uncertainty they published quite a few such books. Thus before Françoise Sagan there were *Rempart des Béguines* by Françoise Mallet, in which a young girl discovers love with her father's mistress; *Qui Qu'en Grogne* by Nicole Louvier, in which a young girl narrates her liaison with a child no older than herself; *Philippine* by Danielle Hunebelle, in which a young girl explains her intimacies with a married couple. And there were others. These books were indifferently written; it was their extreme unconventionality that made it impossible to ignore them. After all, this was the first time that the classic *jeune fille* of French literature was speaking out for herself.

Taken by surprise and even somewhat shocked, the literary critics greeted her coolly. The reading public, hardly aware of these novels, left them largely unsold.

Last spring it was Françoise Sagan's turn. Better written than its predecessors, *Bonjour Tristesse* was neither more sensational nor more original. As when an air line summons reporters and photographers to greet whoever happens to be its millionth passenger, Françoise Sagan found herself in a blaze of publicity. By last spring the critics had got over their initial confusion, and had finally come to realize that the entrance of teen-age girls into the field

of the novel was no common phenomenon. They greeted *Bonjour Tristesse* enthusiastically.

The public followed them. It is true that the award enraged some old-fashioned people, notably Catholics. In a *Figaro* editorial, François Mauriac reproached the critics for preferring this "charming eighteen-year-old monster" to the young novelists of "French spiritual life." This served merely to increase sales. The moving-picture companies bid for film rights, publishers in at least a dozen countries contracted to translate. Soon one could not open a newspaper or a magazine without running into *Bonjour Tristesse.*

The Spurious and the True

The question arises: Why all the fuss about Françoise Sagan? A young girl wins a prize. Her novel sells. Mauriac scowls. What of it? There is nothing new in *Bonjour Tristesse:* a father who is too young for his daughter, a daughter without morals whose malevolence brings catastrophe—surely the French have drunk headier wine than that.

All this is true. What is interesting in the success of *Bonjour Tristesse* is not its theme but its public of more than two hundred thousand people. What brought them to the book? Since its subject is hardly new, since Françoise Sagan's talent, although amazingly precocious, is thin, there remains only the lure of scandal.

One can be sure, however, precisely because the book sold well, that the scandalous element in *Bonjour Tristesse* is spurious. The truly scandalous breaks all the windows in the city of accepted morality—sometimes harmfully, but sometimes not. Thus Saint Paul truly scandalized both Jews and pagans. The public, supremely concerned with preserving its moral comfort, flees the truly scandalous even faster than the plague.

We need not worry. Françoise Sagan is not a scandalous author as were, in their different ways, the Marquis de Sade and the Apostle Paul. On the contrary, what she has written about the *jeune fille* is just what everyone, without admitting it, wanted to hear: that the young girl does not think too highly of adults, but that her purpose, rather than to condemn them, is to make herself into their likeness. In *Bonjour Tristesse* Cécile wants to live like her father, with a man's sexual freedom, but also like the intruder, that is to say with the authority and prestige of a woman of forty. In other words, what this charming child desires is to rid herself as speedily as possible of her youth.

This is what really pleased the public. "There has been so much talk about the revolt of youth—so this is all it amounts to!" the public said. "They've been pulling our leg with that young generation stuff. There is no revolt because no one is young any more." The scandal of *Bonjour Tristesse* could not be more happily reassuring.

It also ends up by being most disheartening. Instead of speaking for the anguish and hopes of her generation, Françoise Sagan at eight-

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een has leaped far ahead into her future; she has caught up with the middle-aged and is flattering them. Recently she joined the staff of *Elle,* a woman's magazine, which week after week busies itself reconciling its half million readers with the world as it is.

Colette

People already have called Françoise Sagan "another Colette." Colette? That name comes up every time a young woman writes a best-seller. It was not until Colette died that Americans heard much about her. Her novels dealt with tired and aging mistresses, with the young lovers they clung to, with hunger for love and life, with the haunting fear of physical decrepitude and death. At first sight they reveal nothing new in human nature. But there is not a single phrase in all her books that Colette did not write for herself rather than for the public, tearing every word out of her own heart. And that vision she had—it was avid and ferocious—of the relationship between men and women went beyond all concern with morals and reached so deeply into the heart of truth that her influence never corrupted.

One had only to look at her face, lined by years of work and search, to understand what can lie hidden beneath the tag of amorality so easily put on a writer. What that tag covers is not always libertinism; for some writers it is liberty itself—to tell, lifting the stifling draperies of the conventional, how man truly lives and feels. The public is not long deceived. It soon forgets those for whom the scandalous is not the by-product of bravery but a means to flatter and please. The public despises those who seek to deprave it.

WHAT FUTURE lies in store for Françoise Sagan, the "charming monster"? She will soon publish her second book. Perhaps she will become the official spokesman, applauded and well paid, of adolescent conformity. Possibly, too, she will grow younger and place all her talent in the service not of cynicism for despairing adults but in that of the truth only the young can possess, the truth of revolt—that revolt which snatches from time to time a little bit of the world from darkness.

MOVIES: The Groaner, The Bard, and Some Pigs

ROBERT BINGHAM

EVER SINCE Dick Powell let a menacing stubble collect on his chin and played the part of a detective, Hollywood has been fascinated with the wry possibilities of converting crooners into serious actors. The results have been astonishingly good. Frank Sinatra well deserved all the praise he got for his performance in "From Here to Eternity." And comes now the old Groaner himself in Paramount's "The Country Girl." For my money, Bing Crosby, best of the crooners, has turned out to be also the best of the crooner-actors.

Of course a certain amount of mileage is wrung out of the fact that Crosby plays a broken-down, has-been singer: Although Der Bingle personally is not exactly on Skid Row these days, the flashbacks to a happier past cannot fail to be evocative for anyone who remembers the Rhythm Boys and the Cremo Cigar show. But nostalgia aside, Crosby's performance as Frank Elgin is first-rate by any standard. He is called upon to play both above and below his usual relaxed, bantering style—to portray an aging musical-comedy star who strives, with varying success, to conceal a desperate insecurity beneath all the glib artifices of the skilled alcoholic. The man and the mask finally become one under the opposing pressures of a relentlessly obtuse director (William Holden), who is obsessed with the idea of making Frank Elgin a star again, and a weary, motherly wife (Grace Kelly) who only wants Frank Elgin to be well again so that she can be free of his suffocating dependency.

George Seaton, who wrote and directed the screen adaptation, has taken some wonderfully perceptive liberties with Clifford Odets's play, and, I think, improved it. The play was a talk play, trapped in a room; in the movie the characters expand into incident and even shadings of inner contradiction that give the story both psychological and theatrical validity. It's the best movie I've seen since "On the Waterfront."

IN THE FANCY PROGRAM they sell for fifty cents in the lobby, it says that director Renato Castellani "had not at first been drawn to 'Romeo and Juliet' in the Shakespeare play, but to earlier versions of the tragedy by Italian writers." In some ways I wish the talented maker of this beautiful film had stuck to his original impulse.

A certain amount of the director's editing is likely to prove annoying for those who are familiar with Shakespeare's play. For instance, cutting out practically all the bawdy lines of the Nurse and Romeo's friends in the first act and changing Romeo's affair with Rosaline from a hackneyed parody of puppy love into the real thing does away with the contrast Shakespeare intended his audience to notice when the chaste Juliet appears, inspiring true love for the first time. Reducing the part of Romeo's friend Mercutio to approximately that of another Benvolio may be justified in terms of speeding up the action; Shakespeare probably dragged in the magnificent Queen Mab speech just for the fun of it anyway. But when Signor Castellani has an Italian actor, for whom an English voice had obviously to be dubbed in, play the role of this most flamboyantly articulate of Shakespeare's early creations—the precursor of Falstaff, Hotspur, Lear's Fool, even Hamlet—he is sure to rub some of his audience the wrong way.

But everyone who stages Shakespeare does some editing, and these are minor difficulties. The real trouble is more fundamental. Shakespeare wrote the kind of poetry he did at least partly to compensate for the lack of scenery in his theater. He had to make his audience see in the mind's eye what his stage crew could not show them physically. Signor Castellani, on the other hand, has

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been able to film in Technicolor a magnificent travelogue of Renaissance Italy. And when we can actually see the sun casting its first pale

rays across the Italian countryside upon the ancient walled city of Montagnana, Friar Laurence's line, "The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night," seems superfluous if not downright intrusive. The music is charming and the costumes are delightful as we move through the glories of the Cà d'Oro, the Palace of the Doges, the Church of San Zeno in Verona, the cathedral square in Siena, and the monastery on the island of San Francesco del Deserto in the Venetian lagoon. Shakespeare comes off second best.

I don't mean to sound like a carping graduate student. A choleric gentleman by the name of Max Ascoli has recently been chiding me for my diatribes in this space against "The Last Time I Saw Paris" and "The Heart of the Matter." "Who the hell cares," he asks, "if moviemakers throw away a book in order to make something good in their own medium? There's nothing sacred about an original text!" And so say I. But moviemakers must be very sure when they throw away a book that they do indeed produce something good in their own medium. The vulgarizers of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Graham Greene did not succeed in this. Signor Castellani most emphatically has. His pageant is colorful and exciting. He is also to be congratulated for defying the principle that a commercially successful picture must shine with a galaxy of recognized stars; as Juliet

he picked Susan Shentall, a nineteen-year-old girl who had never played a professional role, and he has been rewarded with a touchingly fresh performance.

Signor Castellani has been bold. I only wish he had been a little bolder and used a script that would have been more suitable to his intentions.

THE LATE George Orwell, who possessed one of the most militantly subtle minds of our generation, seems doomed to be remembered principally as the creator of two monumental clichés—*1984* and *Animal Farm*. A man whose left-wing views on almost all subjects would have appalled those to whom anti-Communism is a sufficient religion in itself has become their darling. People who have never read his excellent literary criticism or his less monolithic political essays speak knowingly of Orwell as a guy who made them Commies look pretty silly—complacently unaware that he made a lot of other people look pretty silly too.

In keeping with this tradition, Louis de Rochemont has now brought forth a humorless full-length cartoon version of *Animal Farm*, complete with Disneyesque ducklings, that somehow manages to render all the obvious points more obvious than ever.

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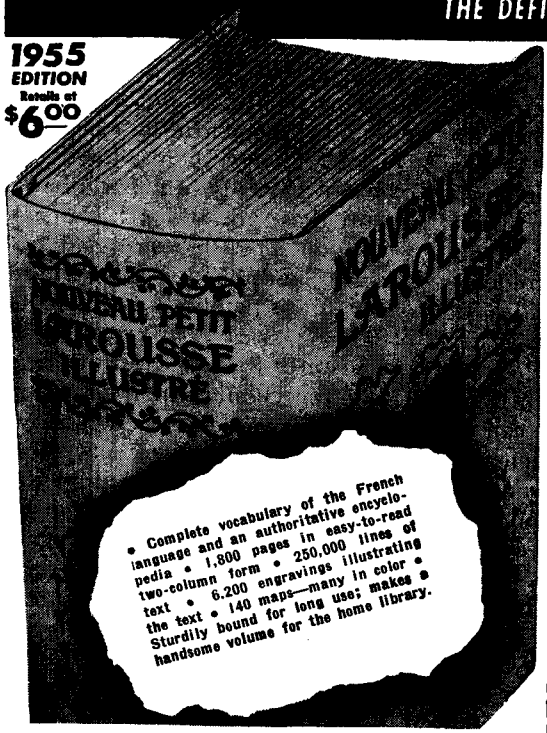
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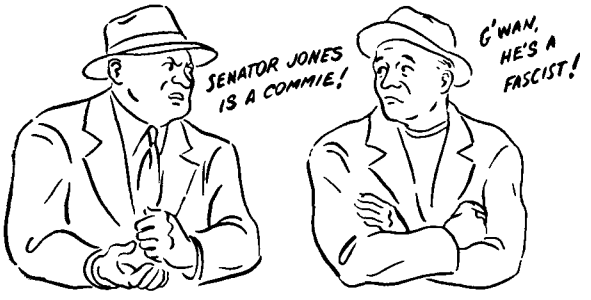

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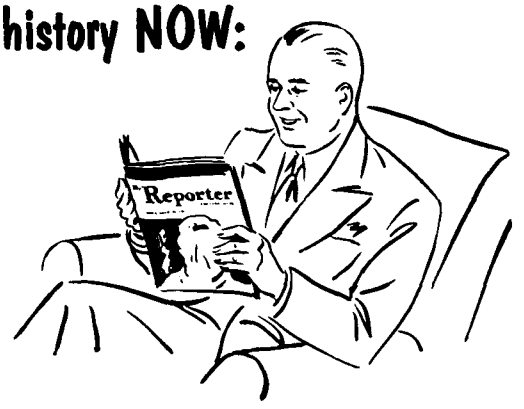

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